

HENRY V

A line-by-line translation

Act 1, Prologue

Shakespeare

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS




Oh, for a muse of fire that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention!
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
 5 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
 Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared
 10 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
 The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
 Within this wooden *O* the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 15 O pardon, since a crookèd figure may
 Attest in little place a million,
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 20 Are now confined two mighty monarchies
 Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 25 And make imaginary puissance.
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 30 Turning th' accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass; for the which supply,
 Admit me chorus to this history;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.

Exit


Shakescleare Translation


The CHORUS enters.


CHORUS

I wish I had a goddess made out of fire  to lead to me to the greatest heights of imagination! And that I had a kingdom to use as a stage, princes to act the play, and monarchs to watch the glorious show! Then the great fighter Henry would look like himself or rather like Mars, the god of war. Starvation, violence, and fire would follow him on leashes like dogs, waiting for his instructions. But forgive, gentlemen, the ordinary people who dare to act out such a great subject matter on this unworthy stage. Can this stage the size of a cockfighting ring  hold the huge fields of France? Or can we stuff the helmets that terrified even the air itself at the Battle of Agincourt into this wooden *O*  ? Oh forgive us, since when you're writing you can abbreviate a million into a little squiggle. Let us, zeros in this huge bank account, work on your imagination. Pretend that there are two powerful monarchies shut into these walls, threatening violence to each other but separated by a dangerous, narrow ocean. Make up for what our version lacks by filling in the rest with your own thoughts. Pretend that one man stands for a thousand so that you have a whole imaginary army. When we talk about horses, pretend you see them stamping their proud hooves into the soft earth. Your minds have to dress our kings, carry them here and there, jump forward in time, and imagine that several years have passed within one hour. To help you, let me narrate this story. Like a prologue in a book, I ask you to hear our play patiently and judge it kindly.

The CHORUS exits.

 The play begins with an invocation of the Muse for inspiration, a common convention marking the start of a play or long poem. Homer's epic poems *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* both begin with similar appeals to the Muse.

 Cockfights took place in buildings similar to early modern outdoor theatres. The Globe theater sat in an area of Southwark that was home to cockfighting rings as well as theatres.

 Theaters were round, so shaped like the letter "O."

Act 1, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY

CANTERBURY

My lord, I'll tell you that self bill is urged
 Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us passed
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 5 Did push it out of farther question.


ELY


But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Shakescleare Translation

The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY enter.

CANTERBURY

My lord, they're suggesting the same bill again now that seemed likely to pass in the eleventh year of the last king's  reign. It would have been passed, except that it was forgotten about in the trouble and confusion of that time.

 The "last king" refers to King Henry IV.

ELY

What will we do? Should we resist it now?

CANTERBURY

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession,
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 10 By testament have given to the Church
 Would they strip from us, being valued thus:
 "As much as would maintain, to the King's honor,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 15 And, to relief of lazars and weak age
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the King besides,
 A thousand pounds by th' year." Thus runs the bill.

ELY

20 This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY

'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY

But what prevention?

CANTERBURY

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY

And a true lover of the holy Church.

CANTERBURY

25 The courses of his youth promised it not.
 The breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seemed to die too. Yea, at that very moment
 Consideration like an angel came
 30 And whipped th' offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made,
 Never came reformation in a flood
 35 With such a heady currance scouring faults,
 Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

ELY

We are blessèd in the change.

CANTERBURY

40 Hear him but reason in divinity
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish,
 You would desire the King were made a prelate.
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study.
 45 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music.
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
 Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
 50 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
 So that the art and practick part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic;
 55 Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow,
 His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 60 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

CANTERBURY

We have to think about this. If it passes we'll lose more than half of what we own because they will take from us all the land that religious men gave to the church in their wills. This is how much they would take: "Enough to maintain honorably fifteen earls, fifteen hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred gentlemen, and one hundred well supplied poorhouses to help sick people and old people who can't work. And a thousand pounds a year to the king." That's what the bill says.

ELY

That bill would drink up a lot of our money.

CANTERBURY

It would drink the cup as well: we'd be left with nothing.

ELY

What can we do to stop it?

CANTERBURY

The king is generous and polite.

ELY

And a true supporter of the holy Church.



CANTERBURY


You wouldn't have predicted that from how he acted when he was young. No sooner did his father die than it was as though his wildness froze and died too. At that very moment, thoughtfulness came to him like an angel and banished the sinful part of him, like Adam banished from Eden, so that his body was like a paradise where holy spirits lived. No one ever became a scholar more quickly, and no one ever repented as suddenly, scrubbing out bad qualities, and no one ever got rid of their monstrous stubbornness as fast and as completely as this king did.


ELY

We're blessed that he changed in this way.

CANTERBURY

Just listen to him talk about theology and, overwhelmed with admiration, you would wish the king could become a priest. Listen to him talk about politics  and you'd think that was the only thing he'd ever studied. Listen to him talk about war, and it'll be like hearing a horrible battle turned into beautiful music. Get him to talk about his policies, and he'll make the most complicated problems seem simple . When he talks, he makes even the air itself, which is a well-known flirt, stand still, and men become amazed to hear his sweet and beautiful sentences. He must have spent a lot of time studying arts and practical applications of them to be able to speak this way. It's amazing that he's learned so many things, since he used to waste all his time with illiterate, rough, and shallow friends and spend his hours causing public disturbances, feasting, and playing games. I never saw him study anything or even spend time privately, away from public spaces filled with people.

 'Commonwealth' could refer to either the state or to the common good of people in the kingdom.

 The Gordian knot was a famously difficult knot. Garters were strings holding up socks or stockings.

ELY

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality;
65 And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen yet cressive in his faculty.

CANTERBURY

It must be so, for miracles are ceased,
70 And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

ELY

But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
75 Incline to it or no?

CANTERBURY

He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty—
80 Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have opened to his Grace at large,
As touching France— to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
85 Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY

How did this offer seem received, my lord?

CANTERBURY

With good acceptance of his Majesty—
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his Grace would fain have done,
90 The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY

What was th' impediment that broke this off?

CANTERBURY

The French ambassador upon that instant
95 Craved audience. And the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

ELY

It is.

CANTERBURY


Then go we in to know his embassy,
100 Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.


ELY

I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Exeunt

ELY

Strawberries grow under nettles , and the healthiest
berries grow and ripen best when they're next to a lower
kind of fruit. The Prince hid his thoughts under a mask of
wildness, and no doubt his learning was like summer grass
in that it grew fastest at night, unseen but flourishing.

 A type of plant with prickly
thorns.

CANTERBURY

That must be true because there are no miracles anymore,
so we have to think that there's a cause for things becoming
perfect.

ELY

But, my lord, what will we do about this bill the House of
Commons wants to pass? Does his Majesty agree with it or
not?

CANTERBURY

He seems not to care, or maybe he's a little more on our
side than the people presenting this bill against us. That's
because I made an offer to his Majesty—in light of the issues
surrounding France now at hand—to give him a larger
amount of money than the church ever gave to any king
before him.

ELY

How did he seem to feel about this offer, my lord?

CANTERBURY

He seemed to want to accept it, except that there wasn't
enough time to hear, as I saw he would have liked to do,
about the details and clear proofs of his ownership of some
dukedom and especially of the crown and throne of
France, which he inherited from Edward, his great-
grandfather.

ELY

What was it that interrupted this?

CANTERBURY

At that moment the French ambassador wanted to see him.
And I think the time has come to hear him. Is it four o'clock?

ELY

It is.

CANTERBURY

Then let's go in to hear his message, which I can easily
guess before he says a word of it.

ELY

I'll go with you, and am eager to hear it.

They exit.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Shakesclare Translation

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,
WESTMORELAND, and attendants

KING HENRY

Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXETER

Not here in presence.

KING HENRY

Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND

Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

KING HENRY

- 5 Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY

CANTERBURY

God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it.

KING HENRY

- 10 Sure we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salic that they have in France
Or should or should not bar us in our claim.
15 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colors with the truth;
20 For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
25 We charge you in the name of God, take heed,
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
30 That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism.

CANTERBURY

- 35 Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:
40 "*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*"
(No woman shall succeed in Salic land),
Which Salic land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
45 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salic is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French,
50 Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Established then this law: to wit, no female
Should be inheritor in Salic land,

KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK,
WESTMORELAND, and their attendants enter.

KING HENRY

Where is the lord of Canterbury?

EXETER

Not here in the throne room.

KING HENRY

Send for him, dear uncle.

WESTMORELAND

Should we call in the ambassador, your Highness?

KING HENRY

Not yet, cousin. We should make a decision before we hear
from him about some important things I have been thinking
about concerning us and France.

*The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY
enter.*

CANTERBURY

May God and his angels guard your holy throne and keep
you on it for a long time.

KING HENRY

Thank you. Wise lord, please tell us truly and religiously
why the Salic law that they have in France either does or
does not stand in the way of my claim to the throne. And
God forbid, dear and faithful nobleman, that you twist your
interpretation out of shape or make up minor distinctions
that don't lead to the truth. Because God knows how many
healthy people will shed their life's blood for this business
of yours. So be careful about what you put me under the
obligation of doing and about encouraging us to go to war
when we are now at peace. In the name of God, I'm
ordering you to be careful, because two such kingdoms as
England and France never fought without a lot of
bloodshed. Each innocent drop of blood is a tragedy, and
each one is a terrible blame to the person who begins the
fight that takes so many lives, when life is so short already.
Now that I've said this, speak, my lord. I will hear, pay
attention to, and believe completely that you say the things
you do with a conscience as innocent as a baby's that has
just been baptized.

CANTERBURY

Then listen to me, kind king, and you lords who owe your
lives and duties to his power. There is nothing standing in
the way of your Highness's claim to France except this,
which they found in the writings of Pharamond: "*In terram
Salicam mulieres ne succedant*" (no woman will inherit
anything in the Salic land). Wrongly, the French say that the
Salic land is the country of France, and that Pharamond is
the inventor of this law keeping women from inheriting. But
their scholars write truthfully that the Salic land is in
Germany, between the rivers Sala and Elbe, where Charles
the Great defeated the Saxons and left some French men
there to settle the land. They, looking down on the German
women because of their dirty way of life, made this law
then: that no woman should inherit anything in the Salic
land. As I said, the "Salic land" is in Germany between the
Elbe and Sala and is now called Meissen. So it's clear that
the Salic law was not made for the country of France. The
French didn't even own the Salic land until four hundred
and twenty-one years after King Pharamond's death, who

Which "Salic," as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala
 55 Is at this day in Germany called Meissen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salic law
 Was not devised for the realm of France,
 Nor did the French possess the Salic land
 Until four hundred one and twenty years
 60 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly supposed the founder of this law;
 Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
 Subdued the Saxons and did seat the French
 65 Beyond the river Sala in the year
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
 King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
 70 Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
 To find his title with some shows of truth,
 75 Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
 Conveyed himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemagne, who was the son
 To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
 80 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
 Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
 85 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine,
 By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
 Was reunited to the crown of France.
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
 90 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
 To hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France unto this day,
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salic law
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female
 95 And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurped from you and your progenitors.

KING HENRY

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign,
 100 For in the Book of Numbers is it writ:
 "When the man dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter." Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors.
 105 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim. Invoke his warlike spirit
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France
 110 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forge in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France
 115 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work and cold for action!

ELY


Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
 120 The blood and courage that renownèd them
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege


was wrongly thought to be the inventor of this law. He died in the year 426 AD and Charles the Great defeated the Saxons and settled the French beyond the river Sala in the year 805. Besides, their writers say that King Pepin, who took the throne from Childeric, was descended from Blithild, King Clothair's daughter, and laid claim to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, who took the crown from Charles the duke of Lorraine, the only male heir descended from Charles the Great, claimed to be the heir of the Lady Lingare, daughter of Charlemagne, who was the son of Emperor Lewis, who was the son of Charles the Great. He said this so he would seem to have a claim to the title of king, but he actually invented this and it was worth nothing as proof. Also King Lewis the Tenth, who was the only heir to the greedy Capet, felt uneasy wearing the crown of France until he made sure that beautiful Queen Isabel, his grandmother, was descended from the Lady Ermengare, daughter of the aforementioned Charles duke of Lorraine. By their marriage the family of Charles the Great got the crown of France back. So it's as clear as the sun on a summer day that King Pepin's, Hugh Capet's, and King Lewis's claims to the throne all depend on inheriting it from a woman. And that's what the kings of France do to this day, although they hold up this Salic law to keep you from making a claim based on inheriting from a woman, your Highness. They're hiding the truth to protect the power that they stole from you and your ancestors.

KING HENRY

Is it right for me to make this claim, and can I do it in good conscience?

CANTERBURY

May I be punished instead of you, your highness, if not. It's written in the Book of Numbers in the Bible: "When a man dies, his daughter should inherit his estate." Kind king, stand up for what's yours, take out your blood-covered battle-flag, think back to your powerful ancestors. Go, powerful king, to your great-grandfather's tomb, from whom you inherited the throne. Pray to his war-like ghost and that of your great-uncle, Edward the Black Prince , who performed a tragedy on French soil and defeated the entire army of France while his strong father stood on a hill smiling to see his lion cub shed the blood of French nobles. Oh noble Englishmen, who could fight with half their army the whole army of France and let the other half stand by laughing, with no work to do!

 *Father of Richard II.*

ELY

Remember these brave dead men and do the same things they did yourself. You are their heir, you sit on their throne, and the blood and courage that made them famous runs in your veins. My extremely powerful king is a young man ready for adventures and great deeds.

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER

125 Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself
As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORELAND

130 They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your Highness. Never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

CANTERBURY

135 Oh, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right,
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING HENRY

140 We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANTERBURY

They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

KING HENRY

145 We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us.
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
150 But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
155 That England, being empty of defense,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.

CANTERBURY

160 She hath been then more feared than harmed, my liege,
For hear her but exemplified by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The king of Scots, whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
165 And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

ELY

170 But there's a saying very old and true:
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin."
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
175 To 'tame and havoc more than she can eat.

EXETER

It follows, then, the cat must stay at home.
Yet that is but a crushed necessity,

EXETER

Your fellow kings all expect you to get ready to fight like
your relatives the former lion-like kings.

WESTMORELAND

They know you have a cause, resources, and power to fight.
And you do. No king of England ever had richer nobles and
more loyal subjects. It's as if your subjects' hearts have
already left their bodies here in England and are now
attacking France.

CANTERBURY

Let their bodies follow, my dear king, to fight for your rights
with blood and sword and fire. We in the church will raise
such a huge sum to help you, your Highness--larger than
any the church ever brought to one of your ancestors at
once.

KING HENRY

We must not only prepare to attack the French but make
plans to defend ourselves against the Scots, who will invade
us and have the advantage.

CANTERBURY

Those who live in the zones along the border, good king,
will be a sufficient wall to defend the inside of our country
from the thieving people on the border.

KING HENRY

I don't just mean the thieves who attack randomly but the
main army of the Scots, who have always been an
unpredictable neighbor to us. You can read in books that
my great-grandfather never took his army into France
without the Scots pouring into his defenseless kingdom, as
the ocean's tide rushes in to fill a gap, with their full force.
They attacked and looted, attacking towns and castles, so
that England, with no one to defend it, shook with fear at
these terrible neighbors.

CANTERBURY

England was more afraid than hurt, my king. Just listen to
what England did in the past when all the soldiers were in
France and the country was like a widow mourning her
noblemen: she not only defended herself well but captured
and locked up the king of Scots like a stray dog. She sent
him to France to make King Edward famous for holding
kings captive, so that historians would cover England in as
much praise as the ooze at the bottom of the sea is covered
in shipwrecks and priceless treasures.

ELY

But there's a very old and true saying: "If you want to win
France, begin with Scotland." Because when the eagle
England is hunting for prey, the weasel Scot comes
sneaking to her nest and eats her royal eggs, like a mouse
when the cat is gone that destroys what it can't eat.

EXETER

So it would follow that the cat must stay home. But that's a
hasty conclusion, since we have locks to keep provisions

Since we have locks to safeguard necessities
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 180 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 Th' advised head defends itself at home.
 For government, though high and low and lower,
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreering in a full and natural close,
 185 Like music.

CANTERBURY

Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in diverse functions,
 Setting endeavor in continual motion,
 To which is fixed as an aim or butt
 190 Obedience; for so work the honeybees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts,
 Where some like magistrates correct at home,
 195 Others like merchants venture trade abroad,
 Others like soldiers armed in their stings
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home
 To the tent royal of their emperor,
 200 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
 The singing masons building roofs of gold,
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 205 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum
 Delivering o'er to executors pale
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer:
 That many things, having full reference
 To one consent, may work contrariously,
 210 As many arrows loosed several ways
 Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
 As many lines close in the dial's center,
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 215 End in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
 Divide your happy England into four,
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
 220 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried, and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy.

KING HENRY

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Exeunt some attendants

225 Now are we well resolved, and by God's help
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 230 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 235 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph.


Enter AMBASSADORS of France, with attendants

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin, for we hear
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

safe and pretty traps to catch small thieves. While the
 armed hand fights abroad, the wise head defends itself at
 home. Even though a society has high and low and even
 lower parts, when they work together they work naturally in
 complete harmony, like in music.

CANTERBURY

That's why God divides men into different groups that work
 continually and whose goal is obedience. That's how
 bees work, animals who serve as examples of good order to
 the people in a kingdom. They have a king and professions
 of a kind. Some like judges impose the law at home, others
 like merchants go abroad to trade, others like soldiers
 armed with stings loot the soft summer flowers and happily
 march back with what they capture to the royal tent of their
 emperor. He, busy in his royal work, watches the singing
 builders build golden roofs, the citizens knead honey, the
 poor porters crowd with their heavy loads through his
 narrow gate, the sad-eyed judge buzz grumpily and hand
 over a lazy yawning drone to pale executioners. I infer this:
 that many things governed by one goal can work in
 contrary ways. Just as many arrows shot in different
 directions can hit one mark, many roads meet in one town,
 many fresh-waters rivers end in a salty sea, many lines meet
 at the center of a circle—in this way, a thousand actions
 once begun will end in one purpose, and they will be done
 well and we will not be defeated. So go to France, my king!
 Divide your happy English people into four parts and take a
 quarter to France, and you will shake up all of France. If we,
 with three times that number left at home, can't defend our
 own homes from the dog, let us be mauled and let our
 country lose its reputation for toughness and strategy.


 The word "butt" in the original text refers to an archery shooting field.


KING HENRY

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

Some attendants exit.


I have made my decision, and with God's help and yours,
 who are the noble muscles who make us powerful, once I
 conquer France I'll make it obey me or break it to pieces.
 Either I'll stay there, ruling with great power over France
 and all its almost-royal dukedoms, or you should bury my
 bones in an unworthy box, with no tomb and no ceremony
 over them. Either our history will have plenty to say about
 our actions, or our graves will have no epitaph on them as
 though they had a tongueless mouth like Turkish servants
 whose tongues were cut out.

 The king of France's son and heir. The title means "dolphin" in French.

 Christians who refused to convert to Islam would have their tongues cut out by Muslims in the Middle East.

The AMBASSADORS of France enter, with attendants.

Now I am well prepared to know what my handsome cousin
 the Dauphin wants, because I hear you're bringing a
 greeting from him, not from the king.

 The Crown Prince of France was called the Dauphin.

AMBASSADOR

240 May't please your Majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge,
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

KING HENRY

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 245 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
 As is our wretches fettered in our prisons.
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

AMBASSADOR

Thus, then, in few:
 250 Your Highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third;
 In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says that you savor too much of your youth
 255 And bids you be advised there's naught in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard won.
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
 This tun of treasure, and, in lieu of this,
 260 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
 Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

KING HENRY

What treasure, uncle?

EXETER

Tennis balls, my liege.

KING HENRY

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
 265 His present and your pains we thank you for.
 When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
 We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
 270 That all the courts of France will be disturbed
 With chases. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England
 275 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous license, as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
 280 When I do rouse me in my throne of France,
 For that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working days.
 But I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 285 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turned his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
 290 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
 And some are yet ungoten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 295 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
 So get you hence in peace. And tell the Dauphin
 300 His jest will savor but of shallow wit
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 —Convey them with safe conduct.— Fare you well.

AMBASSADOR

May I have permission from your Majesty to speak freely
 what I was told to say, or should I water it down and
 summarize the Dauphin's message?

KING HENRY

I am no tyrant, but a Christian king, and my emotions are as
 much under my control as the miserable people tied up in
 my prisons are. So tell me what the Dauphin says honestly
 and completely.

AMBASSADOR

So, in few words: Your Highness lately wrote to France to lay
 claim to some dukedoms in the name of your great
 ancestor, King Edward the Third ⁶. In answer to this claim,
 our master the prince says that you show your youth and
 wants you to know that there's nothing in France that can
 be won by dancing well. You can't party your way into
 dukedoms there. So he sends you this chest of treasure as a
 better fit for your personality, and in return for this asks you
 not to mention the dukedoms you lay claim to anymore.
 That's what the Dauphin said.

⁶ Edward III was the father of John of Gaunt, and hence Henry V's great grandfather.

KING HENRY

What is the treasure, uncle?

EXETER

[Opens the chest] Tennis balls, my king.

KING HENRY

I'm glad the Dauphin is so light-hearted around me. Thank
 you for his present and the trouble you've taken. When we
 have hit these balls with our rackets, we will (if God wills it)
 play a set that will put his father's crown into play. Tell him
 he's playing a match with such a fighter that we'll be
 chasing balls through all the courts of France. I understand
 him well when he holds my wilder days over me, not
 considering what I learned from them. I never used to value
 poor England and, living outside of it, spent all my time
 behaving badly, as men always do when they're away from
 home. But tell the Dauphin I will keep calm like a king
 should, and show my greatness when I rise to the throne of
 France because I have set aside my dignity and worked like
 a manual laborer. But I will rise to the throne with such
 glory that I will dazzle all the eyes in France, so that it will
 strike the Dauphin blind to look at me. And tell the light-
 hearted prince that this joke of his has turned these balls
 into bullets, and he will be to blame for the wasteful
 revenge that will fly with them. For this joke will joke many
 thousands of widows out of their beloved husbands, joke
 mothers out of their sons, joke castles down, and some
 people are not yet conceived and born who will have good
 reason to regret the Dauphin's jokes. But this will all only
 happen if God wishes it to, and I appeal to him. Tell the
 Dauphin it's in God's name that I am coming to take
 revenge if I can and to fight for a holy cause. So go
 peacefully. And tell the Dauphin his joke won't seem funny
 when thousands more cry than laughed at it.

[To attendants] Escort them safely back.

[To AMBASSADOR] Goodbye.

Exeunt AMBASSADORS, with attendants

EXETER

This was a merry message.

KING HENRY

We hope to make the sender blush at it.

305 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
310 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings. For, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
315 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Flourish

Exeunt

The AMBASSADORS exit, with attendants.

EXETER

That was a funny message.

KING HENRY

I hope I'll make the sender ashamed of it. So, my lords, don't waste any time you could use to prepare our expedition, because I don't have any thoughts except about France and our business there, and of course God. So let our troops for these wars be gathered soon, and all the things taken care of that can be done quickly to give us the advantage. For, with God on our side, I'll scold this Dauphin in his father's own house. So let every man now start thinking what to do to get this expedition going.

Trumpets sound.

They exit.

Act 2, Prologue

Shakespeare

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
5 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With wingèd heels, as English Mercurys.
For now sits Expectation in the air
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
10 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
15 Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England, model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
20 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men—
One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
25 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland—
Have, for the guilt of France (Oh, guilt indeed!),
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
30 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
Th' abuse of distance, force a play.
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The king is set from London, and the scene
35 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
40 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,

Shakescleare Translation

CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

Now all the English young people are on fire and have set aside their love affairs along with their fancy clothes. Now the armor-makers are doing good business, and every man thinks only about honor. They're selling their land to buy horses, so they can follow the greatest of all Christian kings with winged heels as though they were English Mercurys¹. Anticipation is sitting in the air, stacking all the different kinds of crowns promised to Harry and his followers on a sword. The French, whose spies told them about these frightening preparations, shake with fear and try to use frightened politics to change the Englishmen's minds. Oh England, on the outside you are like a tiny model of the greatness you hold inside you, like a little body with a huge heart. What things you could do that would do you honor, if only all your children were kind and normal! But see, the king of France has found your only fault, a nest of empty hearts which he fills with traitorous coins.² There are three corrupt men. One is Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the second, Henry, Lord Scroop of Marham, and the third, Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. They are in a conspiracy with France and will kill this best of kings with their own hands in Southampton before he sails for France, if Hell and Treason³ keep their promises. Be patient for a while longer, and we'll summarize⁴ the time between this act and the last and force our play onward. The money is paid, the traitors have agreed to a plan, the king has left London, and the scene has now changed, gentlemen and ladies, to Southampton. There is the theater now, you must sit there, and from there we will carry you safely to France and bring you back, enchanting the narrow seas to give you a gentle journey. If possible, we won't make anyone seasick with our play. But, until the king comes out, and not until then, we're changing our scene to Southampton.

¹ Mercury was the god of merchants, messengers, and travel, among other things. He had shoes with wings on them that made him fly quickly.

² "Crowns" are a kind of coin. This is ironic because all the other Englishmen are fighting for the crown of France, while these three are fighting for French crowns (coins). The coins are "trecherous" or "traitorous" because they have the king's image on them but are used to turn his people against him.

³ An example of personification, as with "Expectation" (translated as "Anticipation") above. This play is particularly full of this figure of speech, in which something nonhuman or abstract is spoken of as though it were human. In this case, Hell and Treason are said to conspire with the traitors as a way of saying that they are damned and traitorous.

⁴ "Digest" also had its present meaning related to eating as well as the meaning of "summarize".

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Exit

CHORUS exits.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH

BARDOLPH

Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM

5 For my part, I care not. I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end.

BARDOLPH

10 I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let 't be so, good Corporal Nym.

NYM

15 Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it. And when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

BARDOLPH

It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM

20 I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS

BARDOLPH

25 Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

PISTOL

Base tyke, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term, Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOSTESS

30 No, by my troth, not long, for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles but it will be thought we

Shakescleare Translation

Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH enter.

BARDOLPH

Hello, [Corporal Nym](#) ¹.

¹ Nym first appears in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

NYM

Good morning, Lieutenant [Bardolph](#) ².

² Bardolph is also in *Henry IV parts I and II*.

BARDOLPH

Have you and Ancient [Pistol](#) ³ made up yet?

³ Pistol appears in *Henry IV part II*.

NYM

I don't personally care. I don't say much, but when the time is right there will be smiles. But that will go however it goes. I don't dare to fight, but I'll wink and hold out my sword. It's a simple one, but what of that? It will toast cheese and endure cold as well as any other man's sword, and that's the end of the matter.

BARDOLPH

I will give you breakfast to make you friends, and all three of us, having sworn to be like brothers to each other, will go to France. Agree to that, good Corporal Nym.

NYM

Well, I will live as long as I can, that's for sure. And when I can't live any more, I'll do what I can. That's all I have to say, that's my goodbye to that issue.

BARDOLPH

It's certain, corporal, that he's married to [Nell Quickly](#) ⁴, and certainly she acted wrongly towards you, because you were engaged to her.

⁴ Nell Quickly is the Hostess in *Henry IV parts I and II*.

NYM

I can't tell. Things must be however they can be. Men can sleep, and they can have their throats on them at that time, and some people say knives have edges. It must be however it can. Though Patience is a tired old horse, she'll keep plodding on. There must be conclusions. Well, I can't tell.

PISTOL and the HOSTESS enter.

BARDOLPH

Here comes Ancient Pistol—and his wife. Good corporal, wait here.

[To PISTOL] How are you, innkeeper Pistol?

PISTOL

You low peasant, are you calling me an innkeeper? I swear by this hand, I hate the word, and my Nell won't take lodgers.

HOSTESS

No, I swear, not long, because we can't give room and board to a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who make an

⁵ Her way of phrasing this has sexual connotations, which leads one

keep a bawdy house straight.

NYM and PISTOL draw

Oh, well-a-day, Lady! If he be not hewn now, we shall see willful adultery and murder committed.

BARDOLPH

35 Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

NYM

Pish!

PISTOL

Pish for thee, Iceland dog,
Thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

HOSTESSa

40 Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor and put up your sword.

NYM

Will you shog off? [*to PISTOL*] I would have you *solus*.

PISTOL

“*Solus*,” egregious dog? O viper vile,
The *solus* in thy most marvelous face,
The *solus* in thy teeth and in thy throat
45 And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels,
For I can take, and Pistol’s cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

NYM

50 I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms, as I may, and that’s
55 the humor of it.

PISTOL

O braggart vile and damnèd furious wight,
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.
Therefore exhale.

BARDOLPH

Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first
60 stroke,
I’ll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*draws*]

PISTOL

An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give.
65 Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM

I will cut thy throat one time or other in fair terms,
that is the humor of it.

PISTOL

Couple à gorge, that is the word. I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think’st thou my spouse to get?
70 No, to the spital go,
And from the powd’ring tub of infamy

honest living by sewing ⁵ without people immediately thinking we run a brothel.

NYM and PISTOL draw their weapons.

Oh no! If he’s not cut down now, we will see willful adultery and murder committed.

BARDOLPH

Good lieutenant, good corporal, don’t fight here.

NYM

Pshaw!

PISTOL

Pshaw for you, you Icelandic dog, you pointy-eared cur from Iceland!

HOSTESS

Good Corporal Nym, show your courage and put away your sword.

NYM

Will you go away?

[*To PISTOL*] I want to see you *solo*.

PISTOL

Solo, you shocking dog? Oh you disgusting snake, *solo* in your amazing face, *solo* in your teeth and your throat and in your hateful lungs, yes, in your jaws, by god, and, which is worse, inside your nasty mouth! I throw back the *solo* to your guts, because I can take it, and Pistol’s cocking his gun ⁶ at you, and the flash of him firing will follow.

to believe that perhaps she was running a brothel or at least helping to spread the misconception.

⁶ The joke is also that Pistol’s penis (“cock”) is up, implying he is excited by the prospect of an argument.

NYM

I am not a demon, you can’t conjure me. I feel like knocking you around pretty well. If you’re rude with me, Pistol, I’ll scrape you up with my sword as well as I can, fairly. If you want to walk a little this way, I feel like stabbing your guts a little according to the rules, as well as I can, and that’s the way it is.

PISTOL

Oh you disgusting bragger and damned crazy man, the grave is waiting, and silly death is near. So exhale.

BARDOLPH

Hear me, hear what I say: he who strikes the first hit, I’ll stick my sword in him up to the hilt, I swear if I’m a soldier I’ll do it. [*He draws his sword*]

PISTOL

A powerful oath, and anger will calm down. Give me your fist, give me your paw. You are in very high spirits.

NYM

I will cut your throat sometime or other, fairly. That’s the way it is.

PISTOL

Couple à gorge, ⁷ that’s the French for “cut your throat”. I challenge you again. Oh you Cretan dog, do you think you’ll get my spouse? No, go to the charity hospital, and fetch the poor disgusting cheating predator, Doll Tearsheet is her

⁷ It’s not - he’s trying to say

⁸ Doll Tearsheet is a prostitute. She seems to have contracted a venereal

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
75 For the only she, And— *pauca*— there's enough. Go to.

Enter the BOY

BOY

Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master and your hostess. He is very sick and would to bed.— Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

BARDOLPH

80 Away, you rogue!

HOSTESS

By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

Exeunt HOSTESS and BOY

BARDOLPH

85 Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL

Let floods o'erswell and fiends for food howl on!

NYM

You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PISTOL

90 Base is the slave that pays.

NYM

That now I will have—that's the humor of it.

PISTOL

As manhood shall compound. Push home.

They draw

BARDOLPH

By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him. By this sword, I will.

PISTOL

95 "Sword" is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

BARDOLPH

Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

name, from the sweating-tub for venereal diseases ⁸ and marry her. I have and will keep the woman formerly known as Quickly as my only woman, and - in few words - that's enough. Get going.

The BOY enters.

BOY

Innkeeper Pistol, you must come to my master, and your wife too. He is very sick and wants to go to bed. Good Bardolph, put your face ⁹ between his sheets and warm him as though you're a hot water bottle. Really, he's very sick.

BARDOLPH

Go away, you scamp!

HOSTESS

I swear, he'll die and the crows will eat him one of these days. The king has killed his heart ¹⁰. Good husband, come home soon.

The HOSTESS and BOY leave.

BARDOLPH

Can I reconcile you two? We must go to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats with?

PISTOL

Let the rivers flood and demons howl for food!

NYM

You'll pay me the eight shillings I won from you betting?

PISTOL

It's shameful to be a slave who pays his debts.

NYM

No, I will have that money - that's the way it is.

PISTOL

Our manhoods will clash. Stab well.

They draw their swords.

BARDOLPH

By this sword, I'll kill whoever hits first. By this sword, I will.

PISTOL

"Sword" is an oath, and oaths are powerful.

BARDOLPH

Corporal Nym, if you agree to be friends, be friends. If you won't, then I'm your enemy too. Please, put away your sword.

disease, for which she's being treated by being put in a sweating-tub in the hope that she'll sweat the disease out. Cressid is Cressida, a Trojan woman in the Trojan war who cheated on her lover and was then, according to some versions of the story, punished by the gods by contracting leprosy (a disfiguring skin disease) and becoming impoverished. Pistol might be saying that Doll has leprosy as well, or that she is a loose woman like Cressida, or both.

⁹ There's a running joke in the Henry 4 plays, because Bardolph's face is red and covered in pimples and boils, that it shines and emits heat.

¹⁰ At the end of Henry IV Part II, Henry rejects Falstaff after he has been crowned: Nell believes that this rejection has broken his heart.

PISTOL

100 A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
Is not this just? For I shall subtler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
105 Give me thy hand.

NYM

I shall have my noble?

PISTOL

In cash, most justly paid.

NYM

Well, then, that's the humor of 't.

Enter HOSTESS

HOSTESS

110 As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John.
Ah, poor heart, he is so shaken of a burning quotidian
tertian that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men,
come to him.

NYM

The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the
even of it.

PISTOL

115 Nym, thou hast spoke the right.
His heart is fractured and corroborate.

NYM

The king is a good king, but it must be as it may. He
passes some humors and careers.

PISTOL

Let us condole the knight, for, lambkins, we will live.

Exeunt

PISTOL

You'll have a gold coin, and soon, and I'll also give you
liquor, and friendship will join us together, and
brotherhood. I'll live my life for Nym, and Nym for me. Is
this not fair? I will be cunning ¹¹ in camp and profits will
heap up. Give me your hand.

¹¹ Pistol is planning to make money from robbing people when they are camped with the English army.

NYM

I'll have my gold coin?

PISTOL

In cash, fairly paid.

NYM

Well, then, that's the way it is.

The HOSTESS enters.

HOSTESS

If you were ever born from women, come in quickly to see
Sir John. Oh, poor sweetheart, he's so shaken by a burning
fever that it's tragic to see it. Sweet men, come see him.

NYM

The king made him sick, that's the truth of it.

PISTOL

Nym, you're right. His heart is shattered and strengthened ¹²

¹² Pistol, like many of the characters in the scene, doesn't really understand the meaning of some of the words he uses.

NYM

The king is a good king, but it must go however it can go. He
gets strange ideas and runs away with them.

PISTOL

Let's grieve for the knight, for, my lambs, we will survive.

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND

BEDFORD

'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORELAND

5 How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.

BEDFORD

The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Shakescleare Translation

EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND enter.

BEDFORD

By God, the king is brave to trust these traitors.

EXETER

They will be arrested soon.

WESTMORELAND

They're acting so calmly, as if Patriotism sat in their hearts
crowned with faithfulness and loyalty.

BEDFORD

They have no idea that the king found out what they mean
to do, or how he did it.

EXETER

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favors—
10 That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and attendants

KING HENRY

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
—My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
15 Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

SCROOP

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

KING HENRY

I doubt not that, since we are well-persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
20 Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMBRIDGE

Never was monarch better feared and loved
Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
25 Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY

True. Those that were your father's enemies
30 Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

KING HENRY

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
35 According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP

So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labor shall refresh itself with hope
To do your Grace incessant services.

KING HENRY

We judge no less.— Uncle of Exeter,
40 Enlarge the man committed yesterday
That railed against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but too much security.
45 Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING HENRY

Oh, let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may Your Highness, and yet punish, too.

GREY

Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life
50 After the taste of much correction.

EXETER

Even the man who used to share a bed with him and who
received so many gifts from him—how could he traitorously
sell out his king for foreign money?

Trumpets sound. KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and attendants enter.

KING HENRY

Now the wind is blowing in the right direction so we'll
board our ships. My lord of Cambridge and my kind Lord of
Masham, and you, my dear knight, tell me your thoughts.
Don't you think the troops I'm bringing with me will cut
their way through the French army, doing exactly what I
assembled them here to do?

SCROOP

No doubt, my king, if each man does his best.


KING HENRY


I don't doubt that, since we all believe we're not bringing a
single heart with us that doesn't wish the same thing we do.
Nor do we leave a single one behind that doesn't want us to
win.

CAMBRIDGE

No monarch was ever more feared and loved than you, your
majesty. I don't think there's a single subject who sits sad or
uneasy under the cool shade of your government.

GREY

True. Those who were your father's enemies have become
friends , and obey you with hearts full of duty and
eagerness.

 Gall is a bitter substance and honey's sweetness cancels out the bitterness. "Gall" also means "anger".

KING HENRY

That's why I have so much reason to be thankful and would
sooner forget what my own hand did than forget to give
everyone exactly what they deserved.

SCROOP

So those working for you will work even harder, and fuel
themselves with the hope to be able to do you constant
services.

KING HENRY

I think so too. *[To EXETER]* Uncle Exeter, free the man
arrested yesterday for complaining about me. I think it was
too much wine that made him do it, and I pardon him now
he's had time to think.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but you're too confident. Punish him so that
other people won't follow his example, when they see you
let him go.

KING HENRY

Oh, let me be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

You can be, but you should also punish.

GREY

Sir, you would show great mercy by allowing him to live
after punishing him terribly.

KING HENRY

Alas, your too much love and care of me
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
 If little faults proceeding on distemper
 Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye
 55 When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,
 Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
 And tender preservation of our person,
 Would have him punished. And now to our French causes.
 60 Who are the late commissioners?

CAMBRIDGE

I one, my lord.
 Your Highness bade me ask for it today.

SCROOP

So did you me, my liege.

GREY

And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HENRY

65 Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours.
 —There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham.
 —And, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is
 yours. *(gives each of them a paper)*
 —Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
 70 —My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,
 We will aboard tonight. —Why, how now, gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion? —Look you, how they change.
 Their cheeks are paper. —Why, what read you there
 75 That have so cowarded and chased your blood
 Out of appearance?

CAMBRIDGE

I do confess my fault,
 And do submit me to Your Highness' mercy.

GREY, SCROOP

To which we all appeal.

KING HENRY

80 The mercy that was quick in us but late
 By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
 85 —See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters. My Lord of Cambridge here,
 You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appurtenants
 Belonging to his honor, and this man
 90 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. —But Oh,
 95 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature?
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
 100 Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use—
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange

KING HENRY

You love and care for me too much, and that makes you
 speak against this poor man. If small faults that come from
 drunkenness are not forgiven, how unmerciful will I have to
 be when I judge capital crimes planned in cold blood? I'll let
 that man go anyway, even though Cambridge, Scroop, and
 Grey, with all their care and sweet concern for me, want him
 punished. Now, to the French business. Who was recently
 given a commission?

CAMBRIDGE

I was, my lord. You told me to ask for that today.

SCROOP

And you told me the same, my king.

GREY

And me, my royal king.

KING HENRY

Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there's yours. *[Gives him
 a paper]* There's yours, Lord Scroop of Masham. *[Gives him
 a paper]* And, sir, Grey of Northumberland, this one is
 yours. *[Gives him a paper]* Read them, and know that I
 know what you deserve.

[To WESTMORELAND and EXETER] My lord of Westmoreland
 and uncle Exeter, we'll board our ships tonight.

[To CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP and NORTHUMBERLAND] What is
 it, gentlemen? What do you see on those papers that makes
 you look so pale?

[To WESTMORELAND and EXETER] Look how pale they are.
 Their cheeks are as white as paper.

[To CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP and EXETER] What do you read
 there that made your blood a coward and chased it away?

CAMBRIDGE

I confess my crime and beg Your Highness's mercy.

GREY, SCROOP

We all appeal to it.

KING HENRY

According to your own advice, the mercy that was alive in
 me lately has been suppressed and killed. Shame on you!
 You shouldn't dare to talk about mercy because your own
 arguments turn on you like dogs turning on their masters
 and attack you.

[To others] My princes and noblemen, look at these English
 monsters. See the Lord of Cambridge: you know how quick I
 was to give him everything that his honor deserved, and for
 a few light coins this man lightly plotted and swore to do
 what France wanted and kill me here in Hampton. Which
 this knight, who owes me no less than Cambridge does for
 everything I've given him, has also sworn to do.

[To SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE and NORTHUMBERLAND] But oh,
 what will I say to you, Lord Scroop, you cruel, ungrateful,
 savage, and inhuman animal? I always went to you for
 advice, you knew me to the bottom of my soul, I was so
 generous to you that you could almost have sold me to get
 money if you needed to, would you have betrayed me for
 profit? Could it be possible that foreign money drew one
 spark of evil out of you to harm even my finger? It's so
 strange that even though the truth of these accusations is
 as clear as black and white, I can hardly see it. Treason and
 Murder always walked like two devils chained together,

105 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them.
110 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder,
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.
115 All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched
From glist'ring semblances of piety.
But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,
120 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back
125 And tell the legions "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affianced Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
130 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
135 Garnished and decked in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
140 To mark the full-fraught man and best endued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man. —Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
145 And God acquit them of their practices.

EXETER

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Richard, Earl of Cambridge.
—I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham.
150 —I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP

155 Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech Your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE

160 For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY

165 Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY

God quit you in His mercy. Hear your sentence:
You have conspired against our royal person,

each promising to help the other, working so naturally together that it's not strange to see them like that. But you, against all reason, brought Amazement in to serve Treason and Murder. Whatever clever devil it was that convinced you do this strange thing has been voted the most excellent one in hell. All other devils that get people to commit treason botch up and bungle damnation by painting on it patches and colors and forms that suggest the glittering appearance of virtue. But the one who convinced you to stand up and do it gave you no reason why you should engage in treason—unless it's that you *wanted* to be called a traitor. Even if that same devil that made a fool of you this way walked like a lion across the whole world, he would come back to Hell and tell the mob, "I can never win another soul as easily as that Englishman's". Oh, you've infected sweet friendship with jealousy! Do men seem like they do their duty? So did you. Do they seem serious and wise? So did you. Do they come from noble families? So did you. Do they seem religious? So did you. Do they eat moderately, avoid intense emotions, act consistently, dress modestly, not let appearances deceive them, and only trust their eyes and ears when their brains tell them to? You seemed to have exactly those good qualities. And so your downfall has left a blot to mark the most virtuous man as suspicious. I will cry for you, and this rebellion of yours feels like another Fall of man.

[To EXETER] Their crimes are revealed. Arrest them so the law can deal with them, and may God forgive them.

EXETER

I arrest you of high treason, Richard, Earl of Cambridge. I arrest you of high treason, Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham. I arrest you of high treason, Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROOP

God has justly revealed our plots and I repent my crime more than my death. I beg Your Highness to forgive it, although my body will pay the price of it.

CAMBRIDGE

The French gold didn't seduce me, although I took it as an excuse to do what I wanted sooner. But may God be thanked for preventing us from acting. I will be happy about that while being tortured, asking God and you to pardon me.

GREY

No faithful subject was more joyful at the discovery of dangerous treason than I now am joyful that I was prevented from a damned action. Pardon my crime, not my body, king.

KING HENRY

May God be merciful on you. Hear your sentence: you plotted against me, joined with a declared enemy, and from

170 Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death,
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
175 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death,
180 The taste whereof God of His mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. —Bear them hence.

Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded

Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
185 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
190 Then forth, dear countrymen. Let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea. The signs of war advance.
No king of England if not king of France.

Exeunt

him received money to kill me. You would have sold your king to death, his princes and nobles to slavery, his subjects to oppression and hatred, and his whole kingdom to destruction. I don't look for revenge for myself, but I have to take care of the safety of my kingdom, which you wanted to ruin. So I deliver you over to its laws. Go to your deaths, poor miserable men. May God in His mercy give you patience to bear it, and true repentance for all your terrible sins.

[To guards] Take them away.

CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY exit, guarded.

Now, lords, let's go to France, where you and I will win glory. I don't doubt it will be a beautiful and lucky war, since God so kindly has brought this terrible treason to light that was lurking in our way to stop us before we could begin. I don't doubt that every impediment has been removed from our journey. So, dear countrymen, let's go. Let's put our war into God's hands, and leave immediately. Let's go cheerfully to sea. The war-flags are advancing. I'm no king of England if not also a king of France.

They exit.

Act 2, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and BOY

HOSTESS

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL

No; for my manly heart doth earn.—Bardolph, be blithe.—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.—Boy, bristle thy courage
5 up. For Falstaff, he is dead, and we must earn
therefore.

BARDOLPH

Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell.



HOSTESS

Nay, sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom, if
10 ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end,
and went away an it had been any christom child. He
parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the
turning o' th' tide; for after I saw him fumble with the
sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his
15 finger's end, I knew there was but one way, for his nose
was as sharp as a pen, and he told of green fields.
"How now, Sir John?" quoth I. "What, man, be o' good
cheer!" So he cried out "God, God, God!" three or four
times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not
20 think of God. I hoped there was no need to trouble
himself with any such thoughts yet. So he bade me lay
more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and
felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I
felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was
25 as cold as any stone.

Shakescleare Translation

PISTOL, the HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and the BOY enter.

HOSTESS

Please, sweet husband, let me accompany you to [Staines](#)   A town south of London.


PISTOL


No, because my manly heart is sad. Bardolph, cheer up. Nym, get your bragging blood flowing. Boy, get up your courage. Falstaff is dead, so we must be sad.

BARDOLPH

I wish I were with him, wherever he is, either in heaven or in hell.

HOSTESS

No, he's surely not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom , if any man ever went to Arthur's bosom. He had as good a death as any Christian child. He died between twelve and one, just as the tide was turning. I saw him fumble with the sheets as though he was playing with flowers, and smile at his fingers. I knew how it would go, because his nose was as sharp as the tip of a pen, and was talking about green fields. "What's wrong, Sir John?", I said. "Come on, man, cheer up!" So he called out "God, God, God!" three or four times. To comfort him, I told him not to think about God. I hoped there was need for him to worry about such things yet. So he asked me to put more blankets on his feet. I put my hand in the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone. Then I felt up to his knees, and higher and higher, and it was all as cold as stone.

 She misspeaks, referring to Abraham's bosom, where good souls go after death, as Arthur's bosom. She may be thinking of King Arthur.

NYM

They say he cried out of sack.

HOSTESS

Ay, that he did.

BARDOLPH

And of women.

HOSTESS

Nay, that he did not.

BOY

30 Yes, that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

HOSTESS

'A could never abide carnation. 'Twas a color he never liked.

BOY

He said once the devil would have him about women.

HOSTESS

35 He did in some sort, indeed, handle women, but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of Babylon.

BOY

Do you not remember he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and he said it was a black soul burning in hell?

BARDOLPH

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM

40 Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL

Come, let's away. —My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my movables. Let senses rule. The word is "Pitch and pay." Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

45 And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck.

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counselor.

Go, clear thy crystals. —Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,

50 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

BOY

And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

PISTOL

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH

Farewell, hostess. *[kissing her]*

NYM

I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it. But adieu.

PISTOL

55 Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

NYM

They say he complained about wine.

HOSTESS

Yes, he did.

BARDOLPH

And about women.

HOSTESS

No, he didn't do that.

BOY

Yes, he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

HOSTESS

He could never stand carnation³. It was a color he never liked.

BOY

He said once the devil would get him because of women.

HOSTESS

He did, in a way, indeed, touch on women, but then he got watery eyes⁴ and talked about the Whore of Babylon.

BOY

Do you remember he saw a flea sticking on Bardolph's nose and said it was a black soul burning in hell?

BARDOLPH

Well, the wood that kept that fire burning is gone now he's dead. That's all the wealth I ever got from serving him.

NYM

Shall we set off? The King will be gone from Southampton soon.

PISTOL

Come, let's go.

[To Hostess] My love, kiss me. Watch over my movable property. Let your senses guide you. The word is, "pay cash down." Don't trust anyone, because oaths are thin and bendable as straws, men's honesty is a wafer, and the only thing to do is hold tight to what you have, my duck. So, let "beware" be your adviser. Go, clear the tears from your clear eyes.

[To others] Fellow fighters, let's go to France, my boys, like leeches on horses, to suck, to suck, to suck blood.

BOY

And they say that's not very healthy food.

PISTOL

Kiss her soft mouth, and march.

Bardolph

Goodbye, Hostess. *[Kissing her]*

NYM

I can't kiss, that's the way it is. But goodbye.

PISTOL

Be a housewife. Keep inside, I command you.

³ *The hostess confuses "incarnate," "in the flesh," for "carnation," a shade of pink (named for looking like Caucasian skin, so the words are related).*

⁴ *Being rheumatic means secreting moisture, whether mucus or in more literary applications tears. The Hostess seems to have mistaken Falstaff's tears of repentance for part of his illness.*

HOSTESS

Farewell. Adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, the CONSTABLE, and others

KING OF FRANCE

Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defenses.

60 Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany,
Of Brabant and of Orléans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new-repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant.
65 For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
70 Upon our fields.

DAUPHIN

To view the sick and feeble parts of France.

And let us do it with no show of fear,
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.

75 For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
Her scepter so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.
My most redoubted father,
80 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defenses, musters, preparations,
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
85 As were a war in expectation.
Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth.

CONSTABLE

Oh peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors
90 With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counselors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
95 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

DAUPHIN

Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.

100 But though we think it so, it is no matter.
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.
So the proportions of defense are filled,
Which of a weak or niggardly projection
105 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

KING OF FRANCE

Think we King Harry strong,

And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us,
110 And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths.
Witness our too-much-memorabile shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck

HOSTESS

Farewell. Goodbye.

They exit.

Trumpets ring. The KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, the CONSTABLE, and others enter.

KING OF FRANCE

So the English are coming with a large army to fight us, and it's right for us to defend ourselves royally, rather than cautiously. So the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany, of Brabant and of Orléans, will head out, and you, Prince Dauphin, as quickly as possible, to fortify our towns for war and fill them with brave men and with means to defend themselves. The king of England's approach is as fierce as a whirlpool sucking down water. It's right for us to be careful, because fear shows us recent examples of what happened on our battlefields when we underestimated the English.

DAUPHIN

Let's go see the sick and weak parts of France. And let's do it without seeming afraid--no, more as if we heard that England were busy dancing. Because, my good king, England has such a lazy king, a vain, unpredictable, shallow, moody young man who uses his power so irrationally that there's no reason to fear England. My respected father, it's right for us to prepare to fight the enemy, because peace shouldn't be allowed to make a kingdom weak, even if there were no war or conflict that might bring one about. Defenses, militias, and preparations should be maintained, assembled, and collected as if a war were expected. So I say it's right for us all to head out.

CONSTABLE

Be quiet, Prince Dauphin! You're wrong about this king. Ask the last ambassadors with what dignity he heard their message, how well supplied he is with noble advisers, how modest when disagreeing, but still how determined he is when he's made his mind up, and you will find that the foolish things he used to do were just a disguise for a Roman hero, covering wisdom with a layer of folly, the way gardeners cover with manure the shoots that will grow first and be most beautiful.

DAUPHIN

It's not true, my Lord High Constable. But though you think it is, it doesn't make a difference. In cases of self-defense it's best to consider the enemy to be stronger than he seems. So you're able to make an adequate defense. Assuming your enemy is weak and trying to save resources means being like a greedy man who spoils a coat by trying to save a little cloth when it's being made.

KING OF FRANCE

Let's assume King Harry is strong, and princes, make yourselves strong to meet him. His relative drew our blood, and he comes from that bloody family that has already haunted us in our own country. Remember our too-easily-remembered shame at the fatal battle of Cressy when all our princes were captured by the terrible Edward, Black Prince of Wales, himself, while his mountain-dwelling father

115 And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature and deface
120 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock, and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a MESSENGER

MESSENGER

125 Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

Exit MESSENGER

You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

DAUPHIN

130 Turn head and stop pursuit, for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter EXETER and train, and lords

KING OF FRANCE

135 From our brother England?

EXETER

From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrowed glories that, by gift of heaven,
140 By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
To him and to his heirs —namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honors that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
145 'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim
Picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative,
150 Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
155 From him, the native and true challenger.

KING OF FRANCE

Or else what follows?

EXETER

160 Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel,
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
165 Opens his vasty jaws, and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

standing on a mountain up in the air, haloed by the golden sun, saw his heroic son and smiled to see him kill the men who had been made by God and by French fathers twenty years before. This is a relative of that conquering family, and we should fear his inherited strength and luck.

A MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

Ambassadors from Harry King of England ask to be brought to see you, your Majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

I'll hear them now. Go and bring them.

The MESSENGER exits.

You see they've already started hunting us.

DAUPHIN

Then turn and stop them following, because cowardly dogs bark loudest when what they're trying to attack runs far ahead of them. Dear king, stop the English short and let them see what kingdom you're the king of. Self-respect, my king, is not as bad a sin as being insecure.

EXETER, his attendants, and other lords enter.

KING OF FRANCE

You come from my brother the King of England?

EXETER

Yes, and he greets you in this way: he asks you, in the name of God Almighty, to give up the borrowed riches that belong to him and his heirs by the gift of heaven and laws of countries. That is, the crown and all the honors that go along, by custom and ancient laws, with the crown of France. So that you know this isn't a trumped-up or weak claim made out of loopholes of ancient laws, or based on something that happened a long time ago, he sends you this interesting family tree, showing every branch of his family, and asks you to look it over. And when you find he's honestly descended from his most famous of famous ancestors, Edward the Third, he asks you to then give up your crown and kingdom, which you're keep unfairly from him, the natural and true ruler.

KING OF FRANCE

Or what will happen?

EXETER

Bloody violence, because even if you hide the crown in your hearts, he'll cut them open to find it. So he's coming in a fierce storm, in thunder and earthquakes like God. If asking doesn't work, he'll use force. He asks you, by the body of God, to give him the crown and to save all the poor people that this hungry war is opening its huge jaws to eat. You'll be to blame for the widows' tears, the orphans' cries, the dead men's blood, the sad women's moans for husbands, fathers, and fiancés who will be swallowed by this war. That is his claim, his threat, and my message--unless the

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
170 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message—
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

KING OF FRANCE

For us, we will consider of this further.
Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
175 Back to our brother England.

DAUPHIN

For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him. What to him from England?

EXETER

Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
180 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
185 That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

DAUPHIN

Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will, for I desire
190 Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXETER

He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
195 And be assured you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
200 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

KING OF FRANCE

Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish

EXETER

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

KING OF FRANCE

205 You shall be soon dispatched with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

Flourish

Exeunt

Dauphin is here too, because I have a message specifically
for him.

KING OF FRANCE

As for me, I will think more about this. Tomorrow you'll
bring my complete response to my brother England.

DAUPHIN

As for the Dauphin, I'm speaking for him. What does the
king of England send him?

EXETER

Scorn and hostility, a low opinion, disrespect, and anything
that doesn't make the powerful sender look bad. That's
what he thinks of you. The king says this: if your father
doesn't, by granting all the demands he's made, make up
for your nasty joke about his Majesty, he'll make you answer
for it so violently that hollow caves in France will scold you
for your mistake and repeat the echoes of your joke as it's
expressed by his cannons.

DAUPHIN

Tell him, if my father agrees to his terms, it's against my will,
because I want nothing more than war with England. It was
for that, and because they matched his youth and silliness,
that I sent him the Paris tennis balls.

EXETER

He would make your Louvre in Paris shake for that even if it
were the capital of all of Europe. Be sure you'll see a
difference, as we his subjects were amazed to see, between
what he seemed to be like in his younger days and now.
Now he spends time carefully even to the second. You will
find that out by all your losses if he stays in France.

KING OF FRANCE

Tomorrow you will know everything I have to say.

Trumpets sound.

EXETER

Send us back soon, or our king will come here himself to
ask what's delaying us, since he's already landed in this
country.

KING OF FRANCE

You will soon be sent back with a fair answer. A night is not
a long time to consider something this important.

Trumpets sound.

They exit.

Act 3, Prologue

Shakespeare

Enter CHORUS

Shakescleare Translation

The CHORUS enters.

CHORUS


Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 5 Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
 Play with your fancies and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle, shipboys climbing.
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 10 To sounds confused. Behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. Oh, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 15 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing,
 For so appears this fleet majestic
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 20 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance,
 For who is he whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 25 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose th'Ambassador from the French comes back,
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 30 Katherine his daughter and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not, and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

Alarum, and chambers go off

And down goes all before them. Still be kind
 35 And eke out our performance with your mind.

Exit


CHORUS


Our fast scene flies with imaginary wings as quickly as thoughts do. Pretend you have seen the well-prepared king embark at Southampton  pier, his brave ships fanning the sun with silk banners. Use your imagination and see the boys climbing on the ropes of the ships' rigging. Hear the piercing whistle, which imposes some order on all the cacophonous sounds. See the sails made of thread, carried by the invisible creeping wind, pulling the huge ships  through the sea, facing the high waves. Oh, just imagine you're standing on the shore and see a city dancing on the unpredictable waves, because that's what this royal fleet sailing to Harfleur looks like. Follow, follow! Use grappling-hooks to attach your minds to the decks of these ships and leave your England, quiet as the dead of night, guarded by grandfathers, babies, and old women, either past or not yet arrived at their prime. What man who has even one hair on his chin wouldn't follow these chosen knights to France? Work, work your imaginations, and see a siege there. See the cannons on their supports, opening their deadly mouths at the walls of Harfleur. Imagine that the Ambassador comes back from the French, tells Harry the king offers him Katherine his daughter and with her, as a dowry, some small, poor dukedoms. He doesn't like the offer, so the fast gunner lights the devilish cannon's fuse,

Trumpets sound, and gunfire is heard.

And everything falls down in front of them. Remain kind and fill out gaps in our performance with your mind.

CHORUS exits.

 A major port in South England.

 "Bottom" means the hull or keel of a ship or the ship itself, but it is also a term from weaving, meaning something around which thread is woven or a ball of thread. This meaning is played on with the mention that the "threaden sails" are leading the "bottoms" through the sea.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Alarum

Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers, with scaling ladders

Shakescleare Translation

Trumpets sound.


KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers with ladders enter.


KING HENRY

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
5 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage,
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,
10 Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
15 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
20 Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
25 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear
That you are worthy your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base
30 That hath not noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

Alarum, and chambers go off. Exeunt

KING HENRY

Once more back into the gap in the wall, dear friends, once more, or let it be closed up with dead English soldiers! There's nothing more proper for a man in a time of peace as modest calm and humility, but when the trumpet of war blows in your ears, you should imitate the actions of a tiger. Stiffen your muscles, raise your heartbeat, disguise your natural kindness with ugly anger, then frown horribly, let your eyes shoot glares from your head like a brass cannon shooting out of a porthole. Let your forehead hang over them as frighteningly as a dislodged rock, jutting over a doomed piece of ground washed over by the wild and destructive ocean. Now grit your teeth and flare your nostrils, hold your breath and raise your spirits. On, on, you noblest Englishmen, who are descended from fathers whose worth was proved in war, fathers who, as though they were all Alexander the Great, fought in this country from morning until evening, then put away their swords because there was no-one left to fight. Don't dishonor your mothers. Now prove that the men you called your fathers conceived you. Be an example for less noble men and show them how to fight. And you, good commoner, whose bodies were made in England, show us the character you developed working the land. Convince us you were worth bringing up, which I don't doubt, because even the lowest and least important of you has a noble light in your eyes. I see you waiting like greyhounds  on a leash, straining to start. Now the hunt has begun. Follow your instincts, and when we charge shout, "God help Harry, England, and Saint George!"

 *Greyhounds are racing dogs.*

Trumpets sound, and gunfire is heard. They exit.

Act 3, Scene 2**Shakespeare**

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and BOY

BARDOLPH

On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

NYM

Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot, and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humor of it is too hot; that is the very plainsong of
5 it.

PISTOL

"The plainsong" is most just, for humors do abound.

[sings]

*Knocks go and come. God's vassals drop and die,
And sword and shield*

10 *In bloody field
Doth win immortal fame.*

BOY

Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PISTOL

And I.

15 *(sings)
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,*

Shakescleare Translation

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and the BOY enter.

BARDOLPH

On, on, on, on, on! To the gap, to the gap!

NYM

Please, corporal, wait. The blows are coming too hot and, as for me, I don't have any spare lives. The way it is is too hot; that's the tune of it.

PISTOL

The "tune" is very true, because emotions are running high.

[sings]

*Blows go and come. God's servants drop down and die
And a sword and shield*

*In a bloody battlefield
Do win immortal fame.*

BOY

I wish I were in a pub in London! I would give all my fame for a mug of ale, and safety.

PISTOL

So would I. *[sings]*

*If my wishes could come true
I wouldn't fail in my purpose
But I would go there.*

But thither would I hie.

BOY

(sings)

20 *As duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.*

Enter FLUELLEN

FLUELLEN

Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

PISTOL

25 *Be merciful, great duke, to men of mold. Abate thy
rage, abate thy manly rage, abate thy rage, great duke.
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage. Use lenity, sweet chuck.*

NYM

These be good humors. Your Honor wins bad humors.

Exeunt all but BOY

BOY

30 *As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.
I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though
they would serve me, could not be man to me. For indeed
three such antics do not amount to a man: for Bardolph,
he is white-livered and red-faced, by the means whereof
he faces it out but fights not; for Pistol, he hath a
killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof
35 he breaks words and keeps whole weapons; for Nym, he
hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and
therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should
be thought a coward, but his few bad words are matched
with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's
40 head but his own, and that was against a post when he
was drunk. They will steal anything and call it
purchase. Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve
leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and
Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais
45 they stole a fire shovel. I knew by that piece of
service the men would carry coals. They would have me as
familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their
handkerchers, which makes much against my manhood, if I
should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for
50 it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them
and seek some better service. Their villainy goes
against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it
up.*

Exit

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

GOWER

55 *Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines;
the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.*

FLUELLEN

60 *To the mines? Tell you the duke it is not so good to
come to the mines, for, look you, the mines is not
according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities
of it is not sufficient, for, look you, th' athversary,
you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt
himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I
think he will plow up all if there is not better
directions.*

BOY

(sings)

*As properly,
But not as well ♪,
As a bird sings on a branch.*

FLUELLEN enters.

FLUELLEN

Up to the gap, you dogs! Forward, you good-for-nothings!

PISTOL

*Take mercy, great duke, on men made of earth. Calm your
anger, calm your manly anger, calm your anger, great duke.
Darling, calm down! Be nice, dear.*

NYM

Those are good emotions. You, your Honor, are showing
bad emotions.

All exit except the BOY.

BOY

*As young as I am, I have watched these three
swashbucklers. I am a servant to all three of them, but all
three, even if they were my servants, could not be my men.
Because three clowns like that don't make up a man.
Bardolph is yellow at heart ♪ and red-faced, so he brags
but never fights. Pistol has a killing mouth and a quiet
sword, so he breaks words and keeps his weapons whole.
Nym has heard that men of few words are the best men, so
he doesn't say his prayers because he's worried about
being thought to be a coward. But his few bad words are
matched with as few good deeds. He never hurt any man's
head except his own, and that was against a post when he
was drunk. They will steal anything and say they bought it.
Bardolph stole a lute case, carried it for twelve leagues, and
sold it for three half-pennies. Nym and Bardolph are
partners in crime, and in Calais they stole a fire shovel. I
knew by that action that they would be willing to do
servants' work. ♪ They want me to be as at home in the
pockets of men as the men's gloves and handkerchiefs are,
but it is degrading to my manliness to take something from
another's pocket to put into mine, because that's just
pocketing a sin. I must leave them and find someone better
to serve. Their crimes upset my weak stomach, so I should
throw them up.*

He exits.

FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.

GOWER

*Captain Fluellen, you must come to the tunnels now. The
duke of Gloucester wants to speak with you.*

FLUELLEN

*To the tunnels? ♪ Tell the duke it is not good to come to
the tunnels because, see, the tunnels are not according to
the strategy of war. The hollowness of them is not
sufficient, because, see, you may discuss it with the duke,
see, the enemy has dug himself four yards under the
tunnels. By Jesus, I think he will dig it all up if there are not
better orders.*

♪ "Truly" here could mean "well", or "faithfully" - to abandon the battle would be to fail to be "true", or "faithful", to the king.

♪ Bardolph's innards reveal that he is a coward, despite his red face.

♪ Because they stole a fire-shovel, the boy jokes they would be willing to "carry coals", which besides being something servants do for their masters also generally means doing degrading work.

♪ Fluellen has a pronounced Welsh accent.

GOWER

65 The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLUELLEN

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOWER

I think it be.

FLUELLEN

70 By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog.

Enter Captain MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY

GOWER

Here he comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLUELLEN

75 Captain Jamy is a marvelous valorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world in the disciplines
80 of the pristine wars of the Romans.

JAMY

I say gudday, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Godden to your Worship, good Captain James.

GOWER

How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit the mines? Have the pioneers given o'er?

MACMORRIS

85 By Chrish, la, 'tish ill done. The work ish give over. The trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done. It ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. Oh, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done,
90 by my hand, 'tish ill done.

FLUELLEN

95 Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars? In the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

JAMY

100 It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion, that sall I, marry.

MACMORRIS

105 It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk and, be Chrish, do nothing, 'tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still. It is shame, by my hand. And there is throats to be cut and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me,
110

GOWER

The duke of Gloucester, who is in charge of the siege, does everything an Irishman tells him--a really brave man, truly.

FLUELLEN

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOWER

I think it is.

FLUELLEN

By Jesus, he is an ass, as great any in the world. I will tell him that to his face. He has no more knowledge of the true strategies of war, see, the Roman strategies, than does a puppy dog.

Captain MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY enter.

GOWER

Here he comes, and the Scottish captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

FLUELLEN

Captain Jamy is a marvelously brave man, that is certain, and of great accomplishments and knowledge of the ancient wars, as I know for sure from his orders. By Jesus ⁵, he can talk as well as any military man in the world about the strategies of the pure wars of the Romans.

⁵ Fluellen's pronounced Welsh accent is source of much of the humour in this scene.

JAMY

I say good-day, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Good-day to you, your Worship, good Captain James.

GOWER

What, Captain Morris, have you left the tunnels? Have the tunnelers given up?

MACMORRIS

By Christ, it's badly done. The work is abandoned. The trumpet sounds the retreat. I swear by my hand and my father's soul ⁶, the work is badly done. It has been abandoned. I would have blown up the town, Christ save me, in an hour. Oh, it's badly done, it's badly done, by my hand, it's badly done.

⁶ Macmorris has a pronounced Irish accent.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I ask you now, will you grant me, see, a few debates with you partly touching on or concerning the strategies of war, the Roman wars? For the sake of argument, see, and friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, see, of my mind, concerning the art of military strategy, that is the point.

JAMY

It will be very good, truly, good captains, and I will leave you if that's all right, when I see fit, that I will, truly.

MACMORRIS

Now is no time to talk, Christ save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes. Now is no time to talk. The town is besieged, and the trumpet calls us to the gap, and we talk and, by Christ, do nothing, it's a shame to us all. So God save me, it's shameful to stand still. It's shameful, by my hand. And there are throats to cut and deeds to be done, and nothing is done, so Christ save me, la.

la.

JAMY

By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it, ay, or go to death. And I'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

MACMORRIS

Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain and a basterd and a knave and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLUELLEN

Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as, in discretion, you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation of my birth and in other particularities.

MACMORRIS

I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

GOWER

Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY

Ah, that's a foul fault.

A parley sounds

GOWER

The town sounds a parley.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there is an end.

Exeunt


JAMY


By the mass, before I fall asleep, I'll do good service, or I'll lie on the ground, yes, or die. And I'll pay for my death as bravely as I can, that I will surely do, that is the long and short of it. Come on, I would like to hear some debate between you two.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I think, see, under your command, there are not many of your nation--

MACMORRIS

Of my nation? What is my nation? It's a villain and a bastard and a criminal and a good-for-nothing . What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

 The Irish were subjugated under the English, and frequently looked down upon. Macmorris is highlighting this cultural prejudice.

FLUELLEN

Look, if you take this in a different way than I meant it, Captain Macmorris, perhaps I will think you do not treat me with the politeness that, reasonably, you should treat me with, see, since I am as good a man as you are, as good at the strategies of war and from as good a family and other particulars.

MACMORRIS

I do not know you are as good a man as I am. Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

GOWER

Gentlemen, you're misunderstanding each other.

JAMY

Yes, that's a terrible fault.

A signal for a truce is given.

GOWER

The town calls for a truce.

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, when there is a better opportunity, see, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the strategies of war, and that is the end of it.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter the GOVERNOR and some citizens on the walls. Enter KING HENRY and his train before the gates

Shakescleare Translation

The GOVERNOR and some citizens enter on the walls. KING HENRY and his attendants enter in front of the gates.

KING HENRY

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit.
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 5 Defy us to our worst. For, as I am a soldier,
 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 10 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
 15 What is it then to me if impious war,
 Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats
 Enlinked to waste and desolation?
 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 20 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 25 Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil
 As send precepts to the Leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
 30 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
 If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 35 Desire the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters,
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls,
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 40 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? Will you yield and this avoid
 Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroyed?

GOVERNOR

Our expectation hath this day an end.
 45 The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 50 For we no longer are defensible.


KING HENRY

Open your gates. *[Exit Governor]*
 Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur. There remain
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
 Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.

Flourish, and enter the town

KING HENRY

What has the mayor of the town decided? This is the last truce we will grant. So surrender to us or, like men proud of destroying themselves, dare us to do our worst. Because, as sure as I am a soldier, which I think is the most fitting thing for me to call myself, if I begin the attack once again, I will not leave half-defeated Harfleur until it's buried in its own ashes. The gates of mercy will be shut, and the bloody soldiers, rough and hard-hearted, free to do whatever terrible deeds they want, will wander around with the willingness to do anything, mowing down like grass your beautiful young girls and your growing babies. What is it to me if unholy war, dressed in flames like the devil, with a scorched face, does all the horrible things that go along with destruction and loss? What is it to me, since you yourselves are to blame, if your pure young women are raped? What kind of control can you have over immoral evil when it's charging fiercely on as though running down a hill? We could just as uselessly give pointless orders to looting angry soldiers as send instructions to the sea-monster Leviathan to come to shore. So, you men of Harfleur, have pity on your town and on your people while my soldiers are still under my control, while the cool and mild wind of kindness is stronger than the dirty and unhealthy clouds of wild murder, looting, and evil. If not, in a moment expect to see a blind and bloody soldier reaching with a dirty hand towards the hair of your piercingly-shrieking daughters, your fathers grabbed by their silver beards and their wise heads smashed against the walls, your naked babies stabbed on pikes while the crazed mothers break the clouds with their confused howls, like the Jewish wives did at Herod's bloody murderers. What do you say? Will you surrender and avoid this or, guilty of these crimes because you continue to defend yourselves, be destroyed in this way?

 In the Bible, King Herod had all the young male children in his kingdom killed.

GOVERNOR

Our hopes end today. The Dauphin, whom we begged to help us, replies that his forces are not yet ready to end such a strong siege. So, great King, we surrender our town and lives to your kind mercy. Enter our gates, do what you want with us and what we own, because we can no longer defend ourselves.

KING HENRY

Open your gates. *[Governor exits.]* Uncle Exeter, go enter Harfleur. Stay there and fortify it well against the French. Be merciful to them all. As for me, dear uncle, since winter is coming and my soldiers are getting sick, I will retreat to Calais. Tonight I will be your guest in Harfleur. I will march tomorrow.

Trumpets sound and they enter the town.

Act 3, Scene 4**Shakespeare**

Enter KATHERINE and ALICE

Shakescleare Translation

KATHERINE and ALICE enter.

KATHERINE

Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

ALICE

Un peu, madame.

KATHERINE

5 Je te prie, m'enseignez. Il faut que j'apprenne à parler.
Comment appelez-vous la main en anglais?

ALICE

La main? Elle est appelée "de hand."

KATHERINE

"De hand." Et les doigts?

ALICE

10 Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés "de fingres"; oui, "de fingres."

KATHERINE

La main, "de hand"; les doigts, "de fingres." Je pense que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'anglais vite. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

ALICE

15 Les ongles? Nous les appelons "de nails."

KATHERINE

"De nails." Écoutez. Dites-moi si je parle bien: "de hand, de fingres, et de nails."

ALICE

C'est bien dit, madame. Il est fort bon anglais.

KATHERINE

Dites-moi l'anglais pour le bras.

ALICE

20 "De arme," madame.

KATHERINE

Et le coude?

ALICE

"D'elbow."

KATHERINE

"D'elbow." Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

ALICE

25 Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATHERINE

Excusez-moi, Alice. Écoutez: "de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow."

ALICE

"D'elbow," madame.

KATHERINE

30 Ô Seigneur Dieu! Je m'en oublie; "d'elbow." Comment appelez-vous le col?

KATHERINE

Alice, you've been in England, and you speak the language well.

ALICE

A little, ma'am.

KATHERINE

Please, teach me. I have to learn to speak. What do you call the hand in English?

ALICE

The hand? It's called "de hand".

KATHERINE

"De hand." And the fingers?

ALICE

The fingers? Goodness, I forget the fingers; but I'll remember. The fingers? I think they're called "de fingres"; yes, "de fingres".

KATHERINE

The hand, "de hand"; the fingers, "de fingres". I think I'm a good student. I'm learned two English words quickly. What do you call the nails?

ALICE

The nails? We call them "de nails."

KATHERINE

"De nails". Listen. Tell me if I'm talking well: "de hand, de fingres, and de nails."

ALICE

That's well said, ma'am. That's very good English.

KATHERINE

Tell me the English word for the arm.

ALICE

"De arme," ma'am.

KATHERINE

And the elbow?

ALICE

"D'elbow."

KATHERINE

"D'elbow." I'll repeat all the words you've taught me up to now.

ALICE

That's too hard, ma'am, in my opinion.

KATHERINE


Please, Alice. Listen: "de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow."

ALICE

"D'elbow," ma'am.

KATHERINE

Oh Lord God! I forgot; "d'elbow." What do you call the neck?

 A "bilbo" is the English word for a kind of sword and for a kind of ankle shackle.

ALICE"De nick," *madame*.**KATHERINE**"De nick." *Et le menton?***ALICE**

"De chin."

KATHERINE"De sin." *Le col, "de nick"; le menton, "de sin."***ALICE**35 *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.***KATHERINE***Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.***ALICE***N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?***KATHERINE**40 *Non, je réciterai à vous promptement: "de hand, de fingre, de nails—"***ALICE**"De nails," *madame*.**KATHERINE**



"De nails, de arme, de ilbow."


ALICE*Sauf votre honneur, "d'elbow."***KATHERINE**45 *Ainsi dis-je: "d'elbow, de nick, et de sin." Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?***ALICE**"Le foot," *madame*, et "le count."**KATHERINE**50 *"Le foot" et "de count." Ô Seigneur Dieu! Ils sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! "Le foot" et "le count"! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: "d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arme, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count."*
55**ALICE***Excellent, madame!***KATHERINE***C'est assez pour une fois: Allons-nous à dîner.***ALICE**"De nick ," *ma'am*.**KATHERINE**"De nick." *And the chin?***ALICE**


"De chin."


KATHERINE"De sin." *The neck, "de nick"; the chin, "de sin."***ALICE***Yes. Truly, you speak the words as well as native English speakers do.***KATHERINE***I don't doubt I'll learn quickly, if God allows it.***ALICE***Have you not already forgotten what I taught you?***KATHERINE***No, I'll recite them to you right now: "de hand, de fingre, de nails—"***ALICE**"De nails," *ma'am*.**KATHERINE**

"De nails, de arme, de ilbow."

ALICE*Sorry, it's "d'elbow".***KATHERINE***That's what I said: "d'elbow, de nick, and de sin." What do you call the foot and the dress?***ALICE**"Le foot , *ma'am*, and "le count .**KATHERINE***"The foot" and "de count." Oh Lord God! Those are ugly sounding words, rotten, vulgar, and immodest words, and not for honorable ladies to use. I wouldn't say those words in front of the lords of France for all the world. What! "Le foot!" and "le count"! Nonetheless, I'll recite my whole lesson together one more time: "d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arme, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count."***ALICE***Excellent, ma'am!***KATHERINE***That's enough for now: let's go have dinner.*

 This is pronounced like "nique", a form of the French verb "niquer", which is a vulgar term meaning "to have sexual intercourse." Although the word seems to be first attested in this sense at least a century later, given the later double entendres in Alice's translations it seems possible that the word was being used in this way in Shakespeare's day and that the pun was deliberate.

 "Foute" is a form of "foutre", a vulgar term meaning "engaging in sexual activity".

 "Count" sounds like "con", the word for the female sexual organ. Alice is trying to say "gown".

Exeunt

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the duke of BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others

KING OF FRANCE

'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

CONSTABLE

An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France. Let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAUPHIN

5 *Ô Dieu vivant*, shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds
And overlook their grafters?

BOURBON

10 Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONSTABLE

15 *Dieu de batailles*, where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,
20 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
25 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
"Poor" we may call them in their native lords.

DAUPHIN

By faith and honor,
Our madams mock at us and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
30 Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BOURBON

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos,
Saying our grace is only in our heels
And that we are most lofty runaways.
35 They bid us to the
English dancing schools.


KING OF FRANCE


Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes, and, with spirit of honor edged
40 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
You dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
45 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;

Shakescleare Translation

The KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the duke of BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others enter.

KING OF FRANCE

He's definitely crossed the river [Somme](#) .

 A river in the North of France.

CONSTABLE

And if we don't fight him, my lord, we shouldn't live in France. Let's all leave and give our vineyards to barbarians.

DAUPHIN

Oh God, will we let a few offshoots of our race, made out of our fathers' loose living, our creations, planted in a wild and savage place, shoot up so high into the clouds and look down on the people who planted them?

BOURBON

They're Normans, but illegitimate Normans, Norman bastards! *Damn me*, if they keep marching along without being fought, I will sell my dukedom to buy a disgusting, dirty farm on that strangely-shaped island of Britain.

CONSTABLE

God of battles, where did they get this courage? Isn't their climate foggy, cold, and dark, and does't the sun look palely at them as though it hates them, killing their fruit by frowning? Can boiled water, a drink for old broken-down horses, and their barley soup heat up their blood to make them so fiery and hot-headed? Should our easily-heated blood, encouraged by wine, seem ice-cold? Oh, for the honor of our country, let's not hang like drooping icicles from our houses' roofs, while young men from a colder country sweat bravely on our rich fields! We can rightly say they're poor in noblemen.

DAUPHIN

By faith and honor, our women mock us and plainly say we're inbred and and all the courage has been bred out of our genes, and that they will sleep with English young men to stock up France with illegitimate soldiers.

BOURBON

And they teach us fast dances, saying the only grace we have is in our feet and that we're very graceful when running away. They ask us to go to the English dancing schools.

KING OF FRANCE

Where is Montjoy the messenger? Send him from here. Let him tell the king of England fiercely that we will fight him. Go, princes, and with a desire for honor even sharper than your swords, go to battle: Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France; you dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, Berri, Alençon, Brabant, Bar, Burgundy, Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, Faulconbridge, Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois. Great dukes, princes, barons, lords, and knights, for the sake of your great power now make up for your shame.

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 50 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him—you have power enough—
 55 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE

This becomes the great!
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famished in their march,
 60 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom.

KING OF FRANCE

Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy
 And let him say to England that we send
 65 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 —Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN

Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 —Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
 70 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

Exeunt

Stop Harry of England, who sweeps through our country
 with banners painted in blood from Harfleur. Rush against
 his army like melted snow into the valleys, whose low
 servant-like positions the Alps spit and spew their water at.
 Go attack him—you have enough forces—and bring him in a
 captured cart into Rouen as our prisoner.

CONSTABLE

This is proper behavior for great men! I'm sad that he has so
 few men and that his soldiers are sick and starving from
 marching because, I'm sure, when he sees our army his
 heart will sink with fear and he'll offer to pay us to end the
 war.

KING OF FRANCE

So, Lord Constable, hurry to Montjoy and let him tell the
 king of England that we are sending him to ask how much
 money he's willing to give us.

[To DAUPHIN] Prince Dauphin, you'll stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN

Please don't make me do that, your Majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

Be patient, because you're staying with me.

[to CONSTABLE] Now go, Lord Constable and all you
 princes, and quickly bring us word of England's defeat.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 6

Shakespeare

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting

GOWER

How now, Captain Fluellen? Come you from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

I assure you, there is very excellent services
 committed at the bridge.

GOWER

Is the duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN

5 The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and
 a man that I love and honor with my soul and my heart
 and my duty and my life and my living and my uttermost
 power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt
 in the world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with
 10 excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant
 there at the pridge. I think in my very conscience he is
 as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no
 estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant
 service.

GOWER

15 What do you call him?

Shakescleare Translation

GOWER and FLUELLEN enter from opposite directions.

GOWER

Hello, Captain Fluellen. Are you coming from the bridge?



FLUELLEN

I assure you, there are very excellent things happening at
 the bridge.

GOWER


Is the duke of Exeter safe?


FLUELLEN

Exeter has as great a soul as the Greek king Agamemnon ,
 and he's a man I love and honor with all my soul and my
 heart and my duty and my life and my job and as much as I
 can. He is not, God be praised and blessed, at all hurt, but
 guards the bridge bravely, with excellent strategy. There is
 10 an ancient lieutenant there at the bridge . I think truly he
 is as brave a man as the Roman hero Mark Anthony, and he
 is not at all an important man, but I saw him acting as
 bravely as those who are.

GOWER

What is he called?

 Agamemnon became the most
 powerful prince in Greece by
 conquering many other countries.

 Fluellen's Welsh accent makes
 him pronounce "bridge" as "pridge".

FLUELLEN

He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOWER

I know him not.

Enter PISTOL

FLUELLEN

Here is the man.

PISTOL

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors.
20 The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN

Ay, I praise God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

PISTOL

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel Fate
25 And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

FLUELLEN

By your patience, Aunchient Pistol, Fortune is painted
30 blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you
that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a
wheel to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that
she is turning and inconstant, and mutability and
variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a
spherical stone, which rolls and rolls and rolls. In
35 good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description
of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

PISTOL

Fortune is Bardolph's foe and frowns on him,
For he hath stolen a pax and hangèd must he be.
A damnèd death!

40 Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore go speak—the duke will hear thy voice—
45 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLUELLEN

Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL

Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLUELLEN

50 Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at,
for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the
duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution,
for discipline ought to be used.

PISTOL

Die and be damned, and *figo* for thy friendship!

FLUELLEN

55 It is well.

PISTOL

The fig of Spain!

Exit

FLUELLEN

He is called Ancient Pistol.

GOWER

I don't know him.

PISTOL enters.

FLUELLEN

Here he is.

PISTOL

Captain, please do me a favor. The duke of Exeter loves you.


FLUELLEN


Yes, I thank God, and I have deserved some love from him.

PISTOL


Bardolph, a strong and good-hearted soldier and of great
courage has, by cruel Fate and light-headed Fortune's crazy
unreliable wheel, that blind goddess who stands on the
rolling restless stone--


FLUELLEN

Excuse me, Ancient Pistol, Fortune is depicted as blind, with
a scarf before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is
blind; and she is also depicted with a wheel to signify to
you, which is the moral of this, that she is turning and
unpredictable, and full of change and variation; and her
foot, you see, is planted on a round stone, which rolls and
rolls and rolls. Truly, the poet  describes it excellently.
Fortune is an excellent moral lesson.

 These were familiar images of
Fortune in the period.

PISTOL

Fortune is Bardolph's enemy and glares at him, because he
has stolen a pax  and he must be hanged. A terrible
death! Let dogs be hanged, let men go free, and rope not
suffocate their windpipes. But Exeter has condemned him
to death for a cheap pax. So go speak--the duke will listen to
you--and don't let Bardolph's life be cut short by the edge
of a cheap rope and terrible shame. Speak, Captain, to save
him, and I will pay you back.

 A tablet kissed by the priest and
other participants at a Roman
Catholic mass; also the Latin word for
"peace".

FLUELLEN

Ancient Pistol, I partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL

Well, then rejoice.

FLUELLEN

Certainly, ancient, it's nothing to rejoice at, because, see,
even if he were my brother, I would ask the duke to use his
own judgement and execute him, because discipline is
important.

PISTOL

Die and be damned, and *a fig* for your friendship!

FLUELLEN

Very well.

PISTOL

A Spanish fig!

They exit.

FLUELLEN

Very good.

GOWER

Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse.

FLUELLEN

60 I'll assure you, he uttered as prave words at the
pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is
very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I
warrant you, when time is serve.

GOWER

Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then
65 goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into
London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are
perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will
learn you by rote where services were done—at such and
such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who
70 came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what
terms the enemy stood on. And this they con perfectly in
the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned
oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut and a
horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles
75 and ale-washed wits is wonderful to be thought on. But
you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else
you may be marvelously mistook.

FLUELLEN

I tell you what, Captain Gower. I do perceive he is not
80 the man that he would gladly make show to the world he
is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my
mind.

Drum and colors Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers

Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him
from the pridge.—God pless your Majesty.

KING HENRY

How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

85 Ay, so please your Majesty. The duke of Exeter has very
gallantly maintained the pridge. The French is gone
off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave
passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of
the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke
90 of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your
Majesty, the duke is a prave man.

KING HENRY

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great,
reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke
95 hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be
executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your
Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles and
whelks and knobs and flames o' fire; and his lips blows
at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes
100 plue and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and
his fire's out.

KING HENRY

We would have all such offenders so cut off, and we
give express charge that in our marches through the
country there be nothing compelled from the villages,
105 nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided

FLUELLEN

Very good.

GOWER

What, he's a deceitful criminal. I remember him now, a
pimp, a pickpocket.

FLUELLEN

I assure you, he spoke as brave words at the bridge as any
you'll hear on a summer's day. But very well; what he has
spoken to me, well, I tell you, when the time comes.

GOWER

He's a fraud, a fool, a good-for-nothing, who now and then
goes to the wars so he can call himself a soldier when he
returns to London. Fellows like that know all the great
generals' names by heart, and they will learn all about
where battles happened—in such and such a corner, at such
and such a pass, on such a ship; who acted bravely, who
was shot, who was disgraced, what agreement the enemy
came to. And they learn perfectly how to say this in military
vocabulary, to which they add newly-invented oaths. And
it's amazing what a beard cut like a general's and a
frightening military uniform can get you among foamy
bottles and drunk people. But you must learn to recognize
people who lie in this way, or you will be completely
deceived.

FLUELLEN

I tell you what, Captain Gower. I do see he is not the man he
wants the world to think he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I
will tell him what I think of him.

*A drum-beat and banners are carried on. KING HENRY,
GLOUCESTER, and soldiers enter.*

Listen, the king is coming, and I must speak to him from the
bridge.

[To HENRY] God bless your majesty.

KING HENRY

Hello, Fluellen, did you come from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

Yes, your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very bravely held
on to the bridge. The French have gone off, see, and there
have been very brave fights. The enemy had taken
possession of the bridge, but was forced to retreat, and the
duke of Exeter is holding the bridge. I can tell your Majesty,
the duke is a brave man.

KING HENRY

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The enemy's loss has been very great, reasonably great. For
my part, I don't think the duke has lost a single man, except
one who has likely been executed for robbing a church, a
certain Bardolph, if your Majesty knows the man. His face is
covered in swellings and pimples and bumps and fiery
flames, and his lips blow up his nose, which is like a coal in
a fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red, but his nose has
been executed and his fire is out.

KING HENRY

I want all such criminals killed that way, and I particularly
command that in our march through the country nothing is
stolen from the villages, nothing taken unless it's paid for,
none of the French scolded or insulted in rude language.

or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket Enter MONTJOY

MONTJOY

You know me by my habit.

KING HENRY

110 Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY

My master's mind.

KING HENRY

Unfold it.

MONTJOY

Thus says my king: "Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which, in weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th' effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this, add defiance, and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced." So far my king and master; 130 so much my office.

KING HENRY

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

KING HENRY

135 Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment, for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
140 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French,
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
145 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus. This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master: here I am.
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
150 My army but a weak and sickly guard,
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on
Though France himself and such another neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.
Go bid thy master well advise himself:
155 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolor. And so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle as we are,
160 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

Because when kindness and cruelty compete for a kingdom, the gentlest player wins first.

A trumpet sounds. MONTJOY enters.

MONTJOY

You know who I am by how I'm dressed.

KING HENRY

Well then, I know who you are. What will I know *from* you?

MONTJOY

My master's thoughts.

KING HENRY

Reveal them.

MONTJOY

My king says this: "Tell Harry king of England that although we seemed dead, we were just asleep. Having the advantage is a better thing in war than foolhardiness. Tell him we could have taught him a lesson at Harfleur, but we didn't think it would be worth hitting a bruise until it was completely ripe. Now it's time for us to speak, and our voice is royal. The king of England will regret his folly, see his weakness, and admire our patience. So ask him to consider what his ransom will be, which must pay for the losses we suffered, the subjects we lost, the shame we were subjected to, which if we paid him back in kind would completely overwhelm his minor kingdom. As for our losses, his treasury is too poor; as for the bloodshed, his kingdom doesn't have enough inhabitants; and as for our shame, making him kneel at our feet would be only a weak and worthless revenge. To this, add our scorn for him and tell him, finally, he has betrayed his followers, who will be punished." That's what my king and master said. Now I've done my job.

KING HENRY

What is your name? I know what kind of man you are.

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

KING HENRY

You do your job well. Turn back and tell your king I'm not looking for him now but could be willing to march on to Calais without fighting. To tell the truth, although it's not wise to confess so much to an enemy who is so crafty and has such an advantage, my people have been weakened by sickness. I've lost soldiers and the few I have left are almost worth no more than as many Frenchman. When they were healthy, I tell you, messenger, I thought that one pair of Englishmen was worth three Frenchmen. But forgive me, God, for bragging in this way. Your French air has blown this sin into me. I must repent. So go, tell your master: here I am. My ransom is this weak and worthless body, my army is a weak and sickly force, but God willing, tell him we would come fight him even if France itself and another country of the same size stood in our way. There's payment for your work, Montjoy. Go ask your master to consider: if we can keep going, we will. If we are stopped, we will stain your dark ground with your red blood. So, Montjoy, farewell. The summary of my answer is this: we wouldn't go looking for a fight as we are, but, as we are, we say we won't avoid one. Tell your master that.

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

Exit

GLOUCESTER

I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING HENRY

165 We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge. It now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on tomorrow bid them march away.

Exeunt

MONTJOY

I will. Thank you, your Highness.

He exits.

GLOUCESTER

I hope they don't attack us now.

KING HENRY

We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs. March to the bridge. It's almost night. We'll camp across the river, and tomorrow march away.

They exit.

Act 3, Scene 7

Shakespeare

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the Lord RAMBURES, ORLÉANS, DAUPHIN, with others

CONSTABLE

Tut, I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

ORLÉANS

You have an excellent armor, but let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE

5 It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLÉANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN

My lord of Orléans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armor?

ORLÉANS

10 You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

DAUPHIN

15 What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Çà ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs, *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu*. When I bestride him, I soar; I am a hawk; he trots the air. The earth sings when he touches it. The basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORLÉANS

He's of the color of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN

20 And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE

25 Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Shakescleare Translation

The CONSTABLE of France, the lord RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHINS, and others enter.

CONSTABLE

I have the best armor in the world. I wish it were day!

ORLÉANS

You have excellent armor, but admit my horse's excellence.

CONSTABLE

It is the best horse in Europe.

ORLÉANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN

My lord of Orléans and my Lord High Constable, you're talking about horses and armor?

ORLÉANS

You have as good examples of both as any prince in the world.


DAUPHIN

What a long night this is! I wouldn't trade my horse with any other that only walks on four hooves. He jumps from the earth as if his guts were light as hair, *the flying horse*, the Pegasus, *who breathes fire from his nostrils*. When I ride him, I fly; I am a hawk; he trots through the air. The earth sings when he touches it. His least attractive hoof is more musical than the god Hermes's flute.

ORLÉANS


He's the color of nutmeg.

DAUPHIN

And as fiery as ginger. He's an animal fit for the hero Perseus  to ride. He is made only of air and fire and the duller elements, earth and water, never show in him, except when he's patiently still while his rider mounts him. He is really a horse, and all other nags should only be called beasts.

CONSTABLE

Yes, my lord, it's an ideal and excellent horse.

 *Perseus was the greatest Greek hero before Hercules.*

DAUPHIN

It is the prince of palfreys. His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORLÉANS

No more, cousin.

DAUPHIN

30 Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature—"

ORLÉANS

40 I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

DAUPHIN

Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

ORLÉANS

Your mistress bears well.

DAUPHIN

45 Me well—which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CONSTABLE

Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

DAUPHIN

So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE

Mine was not bridled.

DAUPHIN

50 Oh, then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your straight strossers.

CONSTABLE

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAUPHIN

55 Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CONSTABLE

I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAUPHIN

I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

CONSTABLE

60 I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

DAUPHIN

It is the prince of ponies. His neigh is like a king's command, and his face forces you to respect him.

ORLÉANS

That's enough, cousin.

DAUPHIN

No, any man who can't think of different compliments for my horse from the moment the birds get up in the morning to the time the lambs go home in the evening is an idiot. It's a subject that flows like the sea. Turn all the grains of sand into well-spoken mouths, and my horse gives them all something to talk about. It's a subject for a king to speak of, and for a king's king to ride on, and for the whole world, both familiar parts of it an unknown ones, to set aside all their different business and be amazed at him. I once wrote a sonnet praising him that began, "Wonder of nature—"

ORLÉANS

I've heard a sonnet to someone's girlfriend begin that way.

DAUPHIN

Then they were imitating the one I wrote for my warhorse, because my horse is my girlfriend.

ORLÉANS

Your girlfriend carries weight well.

DAUPHIN

My weight—which is exactly the highest praise and perfect quality of a good, faithful girlfriend.

CONSTABLE

I don't think so, because I thought yesterday your mistress jolted your back around terribly.

DAUPHIN

Maybe yours did too.

CONSTABLE

Mine was not wearing a bridle. 

DAUPHIN

Oh, then maybe she was old and gentle and you rode like a poor Irish soldier, with your French tights off and wearing straight trousers instead.

CONSTABLE

You are good at judging horses.

DAUPHIN

Take my warning, then: those who ride that way and aren't careful fall into dirty swamps. I would prefer to have my horse as a girlfriend.

CONSTABLE


I would prefer my girlfriend to be a nag.


DAUPHIN

I tell you, Constable, my girlfriend wears his own hair. 

CONSTABLE

I could make the same boast and be telling the truth if I had a pig as my girlfriend.

 The joke here is that the Constable has been with his own girlfriend who has given him a good 'ride'.

 The Dauphin is insulting the Constable's mistress by insinuating she wears a wig.

DAUPHIN

"Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier." Thou mak'st use of anything.

CONSTABLE

Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

RAMBURES

65 My Lord Constable, the armor that I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns upon it?

CONSTABLE

Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN

Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE

And yet my sky shall not want.

DAUPHIN

70 That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

CONSTABLE

Ev'n as your horse bears your praises—who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

DAUPHIN

75 Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE

I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAMBURES

80 Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE

You must first go yourself to hazard ere you have them.

DAUPHIN

'Tis midnight. I'll go arm myself.

Exit

ORLÉANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAMBURES

He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE

85 I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLÉANS

By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

CONSTABLE

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

ORLÉANS

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE

Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

DAUPHIN

The dog has returned to his own vomit, and the pig has washed herself in mud. You're grasping at straws.

CONSTABLE

But I don't grasp at my horse like a girlfriend, or supply any pointless proverb.

RAMBURES

My Lord Constable, the armor I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns on it?

CONSTABLE

Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN

Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE

But there will be plenty left in my sky.

DAUPHIN

Maybe, because you carry far more than you need, and it would reflect better on you if some went away.

CONSTABLE

The same way your horse bears your compliments--it would trot just as well if some of your brags got off.

DAUPHIN

I wish I could give him what's coming to him! Will it never be day? I'll trot a mile tomorrow, and my path will be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE

I won't say the same, because I fear I wouldn't be able to face them. But I wish it were morning, because I want to be hacking around the Englishmen's ears.

RAMBURES

Who will bet I'll take twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE

You will first have to bet your life in battle before you get them.

DAUPHIN

It's midnight. I'll go get ready.

He exits.

ORLÉANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAMBURES

He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE

I think he will eat everything he kills.

ORLÉANS

By the white hand of my wife, he's a brave prince.

CONSTABLE

Swear by her foot, so she can stamp out the oath.

ORLÉANS

He is simply the most active gentleman in France.

CONSTABLE

Doing is an activity, and he's always doing someone.

ORLÉANS

90 He never did harm that I heard of.

CONSTABLE

Nor will do none tomorrow. He will keep that good name still.

ORLÉANS

I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE

I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORLÉANS

95 What's he?

CONSTABLE

Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

ORLÉANS

He needs not. It is no hidden virtue in him.

CONSTABLE

100 By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor, and when it appears, it will bate.

ORLÉANS

Ill will never said well.

CONSTABLE

I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."

ORLÉANS

105 And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

CONSTABLE

Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil."

ORLÉANS

110 You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

CONSTABLE

You have shot over.

ORLÉANS

'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE

115 Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER

The Lord Grandpré.

CONSTABLE

A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He longs not for the dawning as we do.

ORLÉANS

I never heard of him doing anyone harm.

CONSTABLE

Nor will he do any tomorrow. He'll keep that good reputation.

ORLÉANS

I know that he's brave.

CONSTABLE

I was told that by someone who knows him better than you do.

ORLÉANS

Who's that?

CONSTABLE

He told me so himself, and said he didn't care who knew.

ORLÉANS

He shouldn't. It's not a hidden quality in him.

CONSTABLE

Actually, sir, it is. No one ever saw it except his servant. It's a disguised bravery, and when it appears, it will end.

ORLÉANS

No one ever spoke well out of spite.

CONSTABLE

I will top that saying with "Friends flatter you".

ORLÉANS

And I will meet that with "Give the devil his due."

CONSTABLE

Well done; the devil now stands for your friend. I'll fight that saying with "Damn the devil".

ORLÉANS

You're better at sayings, because "a fool is quick to take a shot at people."

CONSTABLE

Your shot went right over me.

ORLÉANS

It's not the first time something went over your head.

A MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

My Lord High Constable, the English camp is less than fifteen hundred steps away from your tents.

CONSTABLE

Who measured the distance?

MESSENGER

The Lord Grandpré.

CONSTABLE

A brave and very competent gentleman.

ORLÉANS

120 What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

CONSTABLE

If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

ORLÉANS

125 That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

RAMBURES

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

ORLÉANS

130 Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

CONSTABLE

135 Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives. And then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

ORLÉANS

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CONSTABLE

140 Then shall we find tomorrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

ORLÉANS

It is now two o'clock. But, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

Exeunt

[*To ORLÉANS*] I wish it were day! Poor Harry of England! He doesn't wish for the dawn as much as we do.


ORLÉANS


What a miserable and headstrong fellow this king of England is, to come mope with his fat-brained followers so far from anything he understands.

CONSTABLE

If the English had any sense, they would run away.

ORLÉANS

They don't have that, because if their brains were weighed down by intellectual armor , they could never wear such heavy helmets.

 Orléans is calling the English stupid.

RAMBURES

That island of England breeds very brave creatures. Their mastiff dogs are the bravest of any.

ORLÉANS

Silly dogs, that run with their eyes closed into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You might as well say, that's a brave flea that dares suck blood from a lion's lip for breakfast.

CONSTABLE

True, true. And the men are like mastiffs in that they run at you strongly and roughly, leaving their brains with their wives. And then just give them huge meals of beef and iron and steel, and they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

ORLÉANS

Yes, but these English are definitely out of beef.

CONSTABLE

Then we'll find tomorrow that they only have appetites for eating, not fighting. Now it's time to get ready. Come on, shall we go do that?

ORLÉANS

It's now two o'clock. But, let me see, by ten we'll each have captured a hundred Englishmen.

They exit.

Act 4, Prologue

Shakespeare

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
5 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.
10 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
15

Shakesclare Translation

CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

Now imagine a time when creeping whispers and staring darkness fill the wide container of the universe. From camp to camp, through the dirty belly of night, both armies hum quietly, so the guards of each camp can almost hear each other's whispered secrets. Fires in both camps mirror each other, and through their pale flames each army sees the other army's shadowy face. Horses threaten each other, piercing the quiet night with high-pitched and bragging neighs; and from the tents the armorers, finishing their work for the knights, busily hammering down nails, make frightening sounds of preparation. The roosters crow in the countryside, the clocks strike, and, now that it is the third hour of sleepy morning, proud of their army's size and sure of themselves, the confident and overeager French play

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And, the third hour of drowsy morning named,
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and overlusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice
 20 And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
 Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp
 So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently and inly ruminate
 25 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
 Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
 So many horrid ghosts. Oh, now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruined band
 30 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent?
 Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 35 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrouned him,
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color
 Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
 But freshly looks and overbears attaint
 40 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun,
 His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
 45 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.
 And so our scene must to the battle fly,
 Where, Oh, for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 50 With four or five most vile and ragged foils
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

Exit

dice for English captives they assume they will take, and scold the handicapped, slow-walking night, which limps like a dirty and ugly witch so slowly away. The poor doomed English, like animals waiting to be sacrificed, sit awake patiently by their fires and think quietly about the danger the morning brings. And their sad appearance and the hollow cheeks and war-torn coats they wear make them seem to the watching moon like horrible ghosts. Oh, now who wants to see the royal leader of this ruined troop walking from guard to guard, from tent to tent? Let whoever sees him cry, "May he have praise and glory!" because he goes out and visits his whole army, greets them with a humble smile, and calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen. On his royal face there is no hint of how frightening an army has surrounded him, nor does he allow the tired, sleepless night to take any color from his face, but instead he looks fresh and overcomes tiredness with a cheerful appearance and greatness, so that every poor man, previously suffering and pale, takes comfort from his appearance when he sees him. His generous eye gives gifts to everyone like the sun, thawing cold fear, so that common men and nobles all get what is, as I unworthily call it, a little touch of Harry in the night. And so we must change our scene to the battle, where, sadly, we will disgrace the name of Agincourt very much, misusing four or five cheap and broken-down fencing swords in a ridiculous squabble. But sit and watch, remembering true things by seeing mockeries of them.

The CHORUS exits.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER

KING HENRY

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger.
 The greater therefore should our courage be.
 —Good morrow, brother Bedford. God almighty,
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 5 Would men observingly distill it out.
 For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 10 That we should dress us fairly for our end.
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 15 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM

Not so, my liege, this lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

Shakescleare Translation

KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER enter.

KING HENRY

Gloucester, it's true we're in great danger. That should make us braver.

[To BEDFORD] Good morning, my brother Bedford. By almighty God, there's some good in evil things if men take the trouble to separate it out. Our bad neighbors make us early risers, which is both healthy and economical. Besides, they are like consciences outside us and preachers to all of us, warning us to prepare well for death. In this way we can turn weeds into honey and make even the devil himself teach us a moral lesson.

ERPINGHAM enters.

Good morning, old Sir Thomas Erpingham. Your good white head should have a soft pillow instead of this rough French ground.

ERPINGHAM

No, my king, I prefer this accommodation, since now I can say "I sleep like a king."

KING HENRY

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example. So the spirit is eased.

- 20 And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
25 Commend me to the princes in our camp,
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOUCESTER

We shall, my liege.

ERPINGHAM

Shall I attend your Grace?

KING HENRY

- 30 No, my good knight.
Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

ERPINGHAM

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Exeunt all but KING HENRY

KING HENRY

- 35 God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL

PISTOL

Qui vous là?

KING HENRY

A friend.

PISTOL

Discuss unto me: art thou officer or art thou base,
common, and popular?

KING HENRY

- 40 I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

KING HENRY

Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING HENRY

Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL

- 45 The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

KING HENRY

- 50 Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

Le Roy? A Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

KING HENRY

It's good for men to love the hardship they suffer because
they see other people suffering. It eases the mind. And
when the mind is strengthened, the formerly dead body
breaks out of its sleepy grave and moves again, casting off
tiredness and gaining new energy. Lend me your cloak, Sir
Thomas. Brothers, greet the nobles in our camp for me. Say
good morning to them then send them all to my tent.

GLOUCESTER

We will, my king.

ERPINGHAM

Should I accompany you?

KING HENRY

No, my good knight. Go with my brothers to the nobles of
England. I must have time to think for a while, but after that
there's no one I would rather be with than you.

ERPINGHAM

May God bless you, noble Harry!

All except KING HENRY exit.

KING HENRY

Goodness, old friend, you speak cheerfully.

PISTOL enters.

PISTOL

Who you there?

KING HENRY

A friend.

PISTOL

Tell me: are you an officer or are you low, common, and
ordinary?

KING HENRY

I am a gentleman in a unit.

PISTOL

Do you drag a powerful pike?

KING HENRY

Yes. Who are you?

PISTOL

As good a man as the emperor.

KING HENRY

Then you are a better one than the king.

PISTOL

The king's a darling, and has a heart of gold. He's a lively
boy, a famous child, comes from good parents, very brave
with his fist. I kiss his dirty shoe and from my heart I love
the dear fellow. What is your name?

KING HENRY

Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

Le Roy? A Cornish name. Are you Cornish?

KING HENRY

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Know'st thou Fluellen?

KING HENRY

Yes.

PISTOL

55 Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest
he knock that about yours.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

KING HENRY

60 And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The *figo* for thee then!

KING HENRY

I thank you. God be with you.

PISTOL

My name is Pistol called.

Exit

KING HENRY

It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

GOWER

65 Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

70 So. In the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer. It is the
greatest admiration in the universal world when the true
and aunchient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not
kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the
wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you,
that there is no tiddle toddle nor pibble babble in
Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the
ceremonies of the wars and the cares of it and the forms
of it and the sobriety of it and the modesty of it to
75 be otherwise.

GOWER

Why, the enemy is loud. You hear him all night.

FLUELLEN

80 If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also,
look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in
your own conscience, now?

GOWER

I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN

KING HENRY

No, I am Welsh.

PISTOL

Do you know Fluellen?

KING HENRY

Yes.

PISTOL

Tell him I'll hit him on the head with the leek he wears on
Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY

Don't wear your knife on your hat that day, or he'll hit you
on the head with that.

PISTOL


Are you his friend?

KING HENRY

Yes, and his relative.

PISTOL

A *fig* for you then!

 A "fig" is a valueless thing, but also a euphemism for the vulva.

KING HENRY

Thank you. May God be with you.

PISTOL

My name is Pistol.

He exits.

KING HENRY

It goes well with your temper.

FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.

GOWER

Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

So. In the name of Jesus Christ, don't talk as much. It's the
greatest wonder in the whole world when the true and
ancient rules and laws of war are broken. If you just make
the effort to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you will
find, I tell you, that there is no chatting or babbling in
Pompey's camp. I tell you, you will find the dignity of war
and the care taken about it and the good form of it and the
sobriety of it and the modesty of it to be very different from
this.

GOWER

But the enemy is loud. You hear them all night.

FLUELLEN

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a babbling idiot, is it
right, do you think, that we should also, see, be an ass and
a fool and a babbling idiot, tell me truly?

GOWER

I will speak more quietly.

FLUELLEN

I pray and beg you to.

GOWER and FLUELLEN exit.

KING HENRY

Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, John BATES, Alexander COURT, and Michael WILLIAMS

COURT

85 Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which
breaks yonder?

BATES

I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the
approach of day.

WILLIAMS

90 We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we
shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

KING HENRY

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

95 A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray
you, what thinks he of our estate?

KING HENRY

Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed
off the next tide.

BATES

He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING HENRY

100 No. Nor it is not meet he should, for, though I speak
it to you, I think the king is but a man as I am. The
violet smells to him as it doth to me. The element shows
to him as it doth to me. All his senses have but human
conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he
105 appears but a man, and though his affections are higher
mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with
the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears
as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish
as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him
110 with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it,
should dishearten his army.

BATES

He may show what outward courage he will, but I
believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself
in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I
by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

KING HENRY

115 By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king. I
think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he
is.

BATES

Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure
to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

KING HENRY

Although he's very strange, there's a lot of seriousness and
bravery in this Welshman.

The soldiers John BATES, Alexander COURT, and Michael WILLIAMS enter.

COURT

Brother John Bates, is that not the dawn over there?

BATES

I think so, but we have no good reason to want day to come.

WILLIAMS

We see the beginning of the day there, but I think we will
never see the end of it.

[To HENRY] Who's there?

KING HENRY

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Who is your captain?

KING HENRY

Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

A good old commander and a very kind man. Please, what
does he think about our situation?

KING HENRY

That we're like men shipwrecked on a sandbank, who
expect to be washed off by the next tide.

BATES

He hasn't told the king what he thinks?

KING HENRY

No. And he shouldn't, because, though I say so, I think the
king is just a man like me. The violet smells the same to him
as it does to me. The world looks the same to him as it does
to me. All his senses are only human. Without his props of
royalty, he looks like a man when he's naked. Although his
emotions are nobler than ours, when he is weak, he is weak
in the same way we are. So when he sees good reason for
fear like we do, his fears are the same kind as ours. But,
thinking reasonably, no man should look afraid, because he
could discourage the army by showing fear.

BATES

He can pretend to be as brave as he wants, but I think, even
though it's so cold tonight, he wishes he were in the
Thames up to his neck; and I wish he were, and me too,
whatever happened, so we could get out of here.

KING HENRY

Truly, I will tell you what I think about the king. I think he
would not wish to be anywhere except where he is.

BATES

Then I wish he were here alone; he would be certain of
being ransomed, and many poor men's lives would be
saved.

KING HENRY

120 I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here
alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's
minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as
in the king's company, his cause being just and his
quarrel honorable.

WILLIAMS

125 That's more than we know.

BATES

Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know
enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his
cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the
crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS

130 But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a
heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms
and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together
at the latter day, and cry all, "We died at such a
place," some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some
135 upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the
debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I
am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle,
for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when
blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die
140 well, it will be a black matter for the king that led
them to it, who to disobey were against all proportion
of subjection.

KING HENRY

So, if a son that is by his father sent about
merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the
145 imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be
imposed upon his father that sent him. Or if a servant,
under his master's command transporting a sum of money,
be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled
iniquities, you may call the business of the master the
150 author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so.
The king is not bound to answer the particular endings
of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master
of his servant, for they purpose not their death, when
they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king,
155 be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the
arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted
soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of
premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling
virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making
160 the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the
gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if
these men have defeated the law and outrun native
punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no
wings to fly from God. War is His beadle, war is His
165 vengeance, so that here men are punished for
before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's
quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne
life away; and where they would be safe, they perish.
Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty
170 of their damnation than he was before guilty of those
impieties for the which they are now visited. Every
subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul
is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars
do as every sick man in his bed: wash every mote out of
175 his conscience. And, dying so, death is to him
advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost
wherein such preparation was gained. And in him that
escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so
free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His
180 greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILLIAMS

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his
own head. The king is not to answer it.

KING HENRY

I bet you don't dislike him enough to wish he were here
alone, even though you say that to figure out what other
men think. I think I couldn't die anywhere more happily
than in the king's company, since his cause is right and the
war is justified.

WILLIAMS

That's more than we could say.

BATES

Yes, and it's more than we should want to say, because we
know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his
cause is wrong, we're not guilty of the crime because we're
right to obey the king.

WILLIAMS

But if the cause isn't good, the king will have to pay for it at
the Judgment Day when all the legs and arms and heads
chopped off in a battle join together all cry, "We died at
this place," some swearing, some crying out for a doctor,
some crying out about their wives being left without them
without resources, some about the debts they owe, some
about their children suddenly left behind. I am afraid that
few men die a good death in a battle, because how can they
worry about good deeds when they are shedding blood?
No, if these men do not die a good death, it will be bad for
the king who led them to this, when it would be wrong for a
subject to disobey him.

KING HENRY

So, if a sinful son sent by his father to do a business deal is
shipwrecked, his sins, by your rule, should be paid for by
the father who sent him. Or if a servant, transporting
money under his master's orders, is attacked by robbers
and dies without repenting for his sins, you call the
master's business the cause of the servant being damned.
But that isn't true. The king isn't forced to answer for the
deaths of his soldiers, the father for his son's, or the master
for his servant's, because they don't mean for them to die
when they send them to do their jobs. Besides, there is no
king, however good his cause is, when the cause comes to
be settled in battle, who can fight with completely innocent
soldiers. Some, perhaps, are guilty of premeditated murder;
some, of lying to young women so they sleep with them;
some go to war to protect themselves because they
previously destroyed peacetime by robbing and looting.
Now, if these men have defeated the law and run from
punishment at home, although they can escape men, they
can't run from God. War is His officer, war is His revenge, so
that men are punished here and now while fighting for the
king for previously breaking the king's laws. When they
feared death, they escaped with their lives. And here where
they thought they would be safe, they die. So, if they died
without repenting, the king is no more guilty of their
damnation than he was guilty before of the sins for which
they are now punished. Every subject's obedience belongs
to the king, but every subject's soul is his own. So every
soldier in the war should do the same as every sick man in
his bed: make up for everything that he feels guilty about.
So if he dies after that, he profits by going to heaven. Or, if
he doesn't die, the time was well spent in preparing for
death. And whoever survives should think that, because he
offered himself to God so completely, God let him survive
that day so he would understand His greatness and teach
others how to prepare for battle.

WILLIAMS

It's true, every man who dies badly is responsible for it
himself. The king shouldn't be punished for it.

BATES

I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

KING HENRY

185 I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

WILLIAMS

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully, but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

KING HENRY

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS

190 You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll "never trust his word after." Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

195

KING HENRY

Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS

Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

KING HENRY

I embrace it.

WILLIAMS

200 How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS

Here's my glove. Give me another of thine.

KING HENRY

205 There.

WILLIAMS

This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove," by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

KING HENRY

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS

210 Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

KING HENRY

Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

WILLIAMS

Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

BATES

215 Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

BATES

I don't want him to be punished for me, but I am determined to fight well for him.

KING HENRY

I heard the king say he would not pay a ransom if he were captured.

WILLIAMS

Yes, he said so to make us fight cheerfully, but when our throats have been cut he can be ransomed without us knowing about it.

KING HENRY

If I live to see that, I'll never trust him again.

WILLIAMS

Then make him pay for it. A poor, ordinary man offended by a king can't do anything about it. It's like trying to shoot an old gun--it could blow up in your face. You might as well try to turn the sun to ice by fanning its face with a peacock feather. You'll "never trust him again." Come on, that's a silly thing to say.

KING HENRY

Your response is too rude. I would be angry with you if it were convenient.

WILLIAMS

Let's fight about it later, if you survive.

KING HENRY

Gladly.

WILLIAMS

How will I recognize you again?

KING HENRY

Give me anything of yours, and I'll wear it on my hat. Then, if you dare acknowledge it's yours, I'll fight you.

WILLIAMS

Here's my glove. Give me one of yours.

KING HENRY

There.

WILLIAMS

I'll also wear this in my hat. If you ever come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove", then I swear by this hand I'll hit you on the ear.

KING HENRY

If I live to see it, I will challenge you.

WILLIAMS

You don't dare - you'd rather be hanged.

KING HENRY

I'll do it, even if I see you in the king's company.

WILLIAMS

Keep your promise. Goodbye.

BATES

Make up, you English fools, make up. We have enough French quarrels ², if you knew how to count them.

² A "quarrel" is a crossbow bolt as well as a fight. Bates is punning on the fight between the soldiers and the

arrows the French will shoot at them soon.

KING HENRY

Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders. But it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the king himself will be a clipper.

Exeunt soldiers

KING HENRY

- 220 Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins lay on the king!
- We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
- 225 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy?
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
- 230 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
- 235 What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,
Than they in fearing?
- 240 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
- 245 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.
I am a king that find thee, and I know
- 250 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
- 255 That beats upon the high shore of this world.
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,
260 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
265 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year

KING HENRY

Yes, the French can bet twenty French crown coins to one they'll beat us, because they carry French crowns, heads, on their shoulders. But it's not treason for English people to attack the French crown, and tomorrow the king himself will clip some crowns off.

The soldiers exit.

KING HENRY

Blame the king! Let's blame the king for what happens to our lives, our souls, our debts, our sad wives, our children, and our sins! I have to be responsible for all of it. What a difficult situation it is being powerful, being talked about by every fool who can't understand anything except his own hardship. What wonderful calm do kings have to give up that other men who have a private life enjoy? And what do kings have that people with private lives don't have too? Except ritual, except ritual in everything they do? And what are you, you false god, ritual? What kind of god are you, who suffer more than your worshippers? What are your revenues? What do you earn? Ritual, show me your worth! What are you really? Are you anything else than circumstances, rank, and appearances, creating wonder and fear in other men, but less happy to be feared than they are to fear you? Don't you often drink poisoned flattery instead of sweet faithfulness? Oh, be sick, great greatness, then ask ritual to cure you! Do you think your raging fever will go down by being called by great titles by flatterers? Will it go down by being bowed to? Can you, when you command a beggar to bow to you, command yourself to be healthy? No, you proud dream, you play cleverly with a king's thoughts. I am a king, and I know it's not the royal ointment, the scepter, the orb, the sword, the club, the imperial crown, the robe woven from pearls and gold, the stuffy title running in front of the king, the throne he sits, or the sea of splendid things that beats on the high shore of this world. No, none of these, gorgeous ritual, none of these, laid in a royal bed, can sleep as soundly as a miserable slave who, with a full stomach and empty mind, lies down to sleep stuffed with hard-earned bread. He never sees horrible night, the child of hell. Like a servant, from sunrise to sunset he sweats in the sun, and all night sleeps in Paradise. The next day, he rises at dawn and helps the day begin, and follows the year over and over in this way with useful labor until he dies. And, except for ritual, a miserable man like that, using up days with work and nights with sleep, is in a better situation than a king. The slave, a subject in a peaceful country, enjoys that peace, but in his dull brain he doesn't know the king is staying up all night to keep the peace, to improve the peasant's life.

2 Crowns are a denomination of currency, so the French use them to bet with. The world also means "head", so the French have French heads or crowns. It means what we mean by "crown" as well, which is why it would be treason for French people to attack a French crown, i.e. attack the French king. But it's not treason for the English to do it because they're not French. Clipping or cutting coins is a method of getting a little gold or silver off the sides of coins without removing the coin for circulation - eventually one can use this metal to forge new coins. "Clippers" were people who did this. The king himself will be a clipper because he will cut French crowns (heads, coins).

With profitable labor to his grave.
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 270 Had the forehand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM

ERPINGHAM

275 My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

KING HENRY

Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent.
 I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM

280 I shall do't, my lord.

Exit

KING HENRY

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts.
 Possess them not with fear. Take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning ere th' opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord,
 285 Oh, not today, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interrèd anew,
 And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
 290 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven to pardon blood. And I have built
 Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do—
 295 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER

GLOUCESTER

My liege.

KING HENRY

300 My brother Gloucester's voice.—Ay,
 I know thy errand. I will go with thee.
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt

ERPINGHAM enters.

ERPINGHAM

My lord, your nobles, worried about your absence, are
 looking for you throughout the camp.

KING HENRY

Good old knight, gather them all at my tent. I'll go there
 now.

ERPINGHAM

I will, my lord.

He exits.

KING HENRY

Oh God of battles, strengthen my soldiers' courage. Don't
 make them afraid. Take from them now the ability to count
 before the number of our enemies frightens them. Don't
 think today, Oh Lord, oh, not today, about the crime my
 father committed by taking the crown. I have re-buried
 Richard's body, and I have cried more repenting tears on it
 than drops of blood were forced from it. I pay five hundred
 poor people every year to pray twice every day for God to
 pardon the murder. And I have built two chapels where the
 serious priests still sing for Richard's soul. I'll do more--
 although everything I can do is worth nothing, since my
 repentance comes after the sin, asking for forgiveness.

GLOUCESTER enters.

GLOUCESTER

My king.

KING HENRY

That's my brother Gloucester's voice.

[To GLOUCESTER] Yes, I know why you're here, I'll go with
 you. The day, my friends, and everything, are all waiting for
 me.

He exits.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLÉANS, RAMBURES, and others

ORLÉANS

The sun doth gild our armor. Up, my lords.

DAUPHIN

Montez à cheval! My horse, varlet! Lackey! Ha!

Shakescleare Translation

The DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others enter.

ORLÉANS

The sun is shining off our armor. Get up, my lords.

DAUPHIN

Get on your horses! My horse, servant! Servant!

ORLÉANS

O brave spirit!

DAUPHIN

Via les eaux et la terre.

ORLÉANS

5 *Rien puis? L'air et feu?*

DAUPHIN

Cieux, cousin Orléans.

Enter CONSTABLE

Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

Hark how our steeds for present service neigh.

DAUPHIN

10 Mount them and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes
And dout them with superfluous courage. Ha!

RAMBURES

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter MESSENGER

MESSENGER

The English are embattled, you French peers.

CONSTABLE

15 To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse.
Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands,
20 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtal axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall today draw out
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.
25 'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enough
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
30 Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,
But that our honors must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
35 The tucket sonance and the note to mount,
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ

GRANDPRÉ

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
40 Ill-favoredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
45 The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks
With torch staves in their hand, and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

ORLÉANS

What a brave man!

DAUPHIN

Let's go, by water and earth.

ORLÉANS

And nothing else? Air and fire?

DAUPHIN

Heaven, cousin Orléans.

CONSTABLE enters.

Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

Listen to our horses neighing. They're asking to be ridden
and made useful soon.

DAUPHIN

Get on them and spur them so hard they bleed, so that their
hot blood gushes into English eyes and extinguishes them
with too much courage. Ha!

RAMBURES

What, you want them to weep our horses' blood? Then how
will we see their own tears?

The MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER

The English are ready to fight, you French noblemen.


CONSTABLE

Get on your horses, brave princes, straight on your horses.
Just look at that poor starved troop and your good
appearance will suck away their souls, making them just
peels and husks of men. There is not enough work for all of
us, hardly enough blood in all their sick veins to stain every
short axe that our brave Frenchmen will draw today then
sheathe because there's nothing left to do. Just blow on
them, and the steam of our courage will defeat them. It's
certain, lords, that our unnecessary servants and peasants,
who swarm pointlessly around the battlefield, would be
enough to clear this field of such a pathetic enemy, even if
we stood at the base of this mountain watching and doing
nothing. But our honor doesn't allow that. What more is
there to say? Let's just do a very little, and it will all be done.
So blow the trumpets to signal the troops to get on their
horses and march, because our approach will be so
confident that the English will hide in fear and give up.

GRANDPRÉ enters.

GRANDPRÉ

Why are you waiting so long, lords of France? Those island-
dwelling carcasses, desperate for their lives, are ugly on the
battlefield this morning. Their ragged banners are badly
rolled out, and the wind of our country shakes them
mockingly. The big war-god Mars seems bankrupt when you
look at their army of beggars and peeps weakly through a
rusty helmet. The horsemen sit stiffly as candlesticks
holding up torches, and their poor nags droop their heads,
their skins and hips sagging, with tears dripping from their
death-pale eyes, and in their pale dull mouths the jewel-
covered bit is dirty with chewed grass, quiet and

 An executor is someone who fulfills the instructions in a dead person's will. The crows are the

50 And in their pale dull mouths the gemed bit
Lies foul with chawed grass, still and motionless.
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
55 In life so lifeless, as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAUPHIN

Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

CONSTABLE

60 I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take
And use it for my haste. Come, come away.
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

Exeunt

motionless. And their executors **¶**, the evil crows, fly over them, impatient for their time to be up. You can't describe in words, exactly as you see it, such a lifeless life prepared for battle.

horses' executors because they dispose of their substance: they choose to eat them or not after the horses have died.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they're waiting for death.

DAUPHIN

Should we go send them dinner and fresh suits, and give their starving horses hay, and fight them afterwards?

CONSTABLE

I'm only waiting for my guards. Let's go, to the field! I will take the banner from a trumpet and use it to hurry things up. Come on, let's go. The sun is high in the sky, and we're wasting the day.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his host, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND

GLOUCESTER

Where is the king?

BEDFORD

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER

There's five to one. Besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY

5 God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all. I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
10 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu.

BEDFORD

Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee.

EXETER

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today.
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

Exit SALISBURY

Shakesclore Translation

GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM with his army, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND enter.

GLOUCESTER

Where is the king?

BEDFORD

He rode out to look at their army himself.

WESTMORELAND

They have a good sixty thousand fighting men.

EXETER

That's five to one. And they're all fresh.

SALISBURY

May God fight for us! It's frightening odds. God be with you, princes. I'll go to my troops. If we don't meet again until we meet in heaven, then I joyfully say goodbye, noble Lord of Bedford, dear Lord Gloucester, and good Lord Exeter, and

[to ERPINGHAM] you, my kind relative, all of you soldiers.

BEDFORD

Goodbye, good Salisbury, and good luck.

EXETER

Goodbye, kind lord. Fight bravely today. But I'm insulting you by reminding you of that, because you're made out of bravery itself.

SALISBURY exits.

BEDFORD

15 He is as full of valor as of kindness,
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY

WESTMORELAND

Oh, that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work today.

KING HENRY

20 What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
25 God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
30 But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
35 For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
40 We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
Will stand o' tiptoe when the day is named
45 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors
And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
50 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
55 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by,
60 From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
65 This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY

SALISBURY

70 My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

KING HENRY

All things are ready if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

BEDFORD

He is as full of bravery out of kindness, and has the amount
of each quality one expects in a prince.

KING HENRY enters.

WESTMORELAND

I wish we now had here just ten thousand of the men in
England who aren't working today.

KING HENRY

Who wishes that? My cousin Westmoreland? No, good
cousin. If we are doomed to die, there are enough of us to
harm our country by our loss; and if to live, the fewer men
there are, the greater share of honor each one gets. By God,
please don't wish for even one more man. By God, I don't
desire gold and I don't care who takes my money to pay for
food; I don't mind if men wear my clothes; I don't desire
such worldly things. But if it's a sin to desire honor, I am the
most sinful man alive. No, really, cousin, don't wish for a
single man from England. God, I wouldn't give up so great a
share of honor as one more man, I think, would take from
me, in exchange for getting my greatest wish. Don't wish for
one more! But, Westmoreland, announce to my army that
anyone who doesn't feel like fighting should leave. We'll
give him a passport and money to pay for his travel back. I
don't want to die in the company of a man who is afraid to
die in mine. This day is the feast day of Crispian. Anyone who
lives through this day and gets home safely will stand on
tiptoe when the day is mentioned and jump up at the name
of Crispian. Anyone who lives through this day and lives to
old age will hold a feast for his neighbors on the day before
and say "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian's day." Then he will
raise his sleeve and show his scars and say, "I got these
wounds on Crispian's day." Old men forget; but everything
else will be forgotten and he'll still remember, with
additions, all the deeds he did that day. Then our names,
familiar to him as household words, Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and
Gloucester, will be remembered by them as they drink. The
good man will teach his son that story, and Saint Crispian's
day will never go by, from this day to the end of the world,
without us being remembered—we few, we lucky few, we
band of brothers. Because anyone who sheds his blood
today with me will be my brother. However low-born he is,
this day will make him a nobleman. And gentlemen now in
their beds in England will be miserable that they were not
here, and they will think that they are not real men when
anyone is speaking who fought with us on Saint Crispian's
day.

SALISBURY enters.

SALISBURY

My king, get ready quickly. The French are well prepared for
battle, and will soon charge at us.

KING HENRY

Everything is ready if our minds are.

WESTMORELAND

Death to anyone who wants to run away now!

KING HENRY

75 Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND

God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY

Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
80 —You know your places. God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assurèd overthrow.
85 For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
90 From off these fields where, wretches, their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY

Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY

The constable of France.

KING HENRY

95 I pray thee, bear my former answer back.
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived was killed with hunting him.
100 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men though buried in your dunghills,
105 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valor in our English,
110 That being dead, like to the bullet's crazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working day;
115 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field.
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry.
120 But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
125 As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
Which, if they have, as I will leave 'em them,
130 Shall yield them little. Tell the constable.

KING HENRY

You don't wish for more help from England, cousin?

WESTMORELAND

By God, my king, I wish you and I alone, without more help,
could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY

What, you've just wished away five thousand men, which I
like better than to wish to add one.

[To others] You know your positions. May God be with you
all.

A trumpet sounds. MONTJOY enters.

MONTJOY

Once more I've come to ask you, King Harry, if you'll agree
to a sum for your ransom before your certain defeat.
Because certainly you are so near the whirlpool that you'll
necessarily be swallowed by it. Besides, as an act of mercy,
the constable asks that you remind your followers to
repent, so that their souls retreat peacefully and sweetly
from these fields where, poor things, their poor bodies
must lie and rot.

KING HENRY

Who has sent you now?

MONTJOY

The constable of France.

KING HENRY

Please, send the same answer back as last time. Tell them
they'll have to catch me before they sell my bones. Good
God, why do they have to mock poor men this way? The
man who sold the lion's skin while the beast was alive, died
while hunting him. Many of our bodies will no doubt be
buried in our own countries, on which, I trust, carved in
brass will be a reminder of the work we do today. And those
who leave their brave bones in France, dying like men
though buried in piles of dung, will be famous. Because the
sun will greet them and drag their honor stinking up to
heaven, leaving their flesh to choke your climate, the smell
of which will start a plague in France. See, then, huge
bravery in our Englishmen, who although they're dead, like
a bullet breaking in two, break out into a second path of
mischief, killing by being dead. Let me speak proudly: tell
the constable we're just working-day heroes. Our beautiful
things and gold are dirty from painful marching in the rain.
There's not a single decorative feather in our whole army,
which goes to show we won't fly away, and time has worn
us down and made us messy. But, by God, our hearts are in
order, and my poor soldiers tell me that before night they'll
be wearing fresher clothes, or they'll pull the beautiful new
uniforms over the French soldiers' heads and so throw
them out of the army. If they do this, as (if God wishes it)
they will, my ransom will be paid soon. Herald, save
yourself pointless work. Don't come any more for ransom,
gentle herald. They will have none, I swear, except my joints
here, which, in the state I'll leave them, won't be worth
much to them. Tell the constable that.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald anymore.

Exit

KING HENRY

I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

Enter YORK

YORK

135 My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

KING HENRY

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away,
And how Thou pleasest, God, dispose the day.

Exeunt

MONTJOY

I will, king Harry. Goodbye. You will never hear a herald ever again.

He exits.

KING HENRY

I am afraid you will come once more for a ransom.

YORK enters.

YORK

My lord, I beg humbly, on my knees, to lead the charge.

KING HENRY

Do it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away, and make the day go however you want, God.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Alarm, excursions. Enter PISTOL, FRENCH SOLDIER, and BOY

PISTOL

Yield, cur.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

PISTOL

Qualitie calmie custure me. Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

FRENCH SOLDIER

5 *Ô Seigneur Dieu!*

PISTOL

O Seigneur Dew should be a gentleman. Perpend my words, O Seigneur Dew, and mark : O Seigneur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O Seigneur, thou do give to me egregious ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER

10 *Ô, prenez miséricorde! Ayez pitié de moi!*

PISTOL

Moy shall not serve. I will have forty moys, or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat in drops of crimson blood.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Est-il impossible d'Échapper la force de ton bras?

PISTOL

15 Brass, cur? Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, offer'st me brass?

Shakescleare Translation

Trumpets sound. People run around. PISTOL, a FRENCH SOLDIER, and the BOY enter.


PISTOL


Surrender, you dog.

FRENCH SOLDIER

I think you're a noble gentleman.

PISTOL

Qualitie calmie custure me.  Are you a gentleman? What is your name? Discuss.

 Meaningless. Pistol is imitating French.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Oh Lord God!


PISTOL


Olord God sounds like a gentleman. Listen to my words, Olord God, and see: Olord God, you'll die on the point of a sword unless, Olord, you give give me an extraordinary ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Oh, be merciful! Take pity on me!

PISTOL

Moy  isn't enough. I will have forty moys, or I will drag your insides out of your throat spewing drops of red blood.

 Pistol is misunderstanding the French word "moi", meaning "me". It isn't clear what he thinks it means, if anything. A moy is a unit of measurement. The Oxford English Dictionary claims that Pistol might think it is a type of coin, but this is the only instance they find of that meaning. It is more likely he thinks it is being used as a unit of measurement for a weight of gold or treasure.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Is it possible to escape your strong arm?

PISTOL

"Brass", dog? You damned and self-indulgent mountain goat, you offer me brass?

FRENCH SOLDIER

Ô, pardonnez-moi!

PISTOL

Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?—Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French what is his name.

BOY

20 *Écoutez. Comment êtes-vous appelé?*

FRENCH SOLDIER

Monsieur le Fer.

BOY

He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL

Master Fer. I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY

25 I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret," and "firk."

PISTOL

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER

(to the BOY) Que dit-il, monsieur?

BOY

30 *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt, car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.*

PISTOL

Owy, cuppe gorge, permafoy, peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FRENCH SOLDIER

35 *Ô, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus*

PISTOL

What are his words?

BOY

40 He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL

Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

BOY

45 *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous lui avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

FRENCH SOLDIER

Oh, forgive me!

PISTOL

Is that what you're telling me? Does that mean a ton of moys?

[To BOY] Come here, boy. Ask this slave in French what his name is.

BOY

Listen. What are you called?

FRENCH SOLDIER


Mister le Fer.

BOY

He says his name is Mister Fer.

PISTOL

Mister Fer. I'll **fer** him, and fight him, and hunt him with ferrets. Discuss this in French with him.

 A seemingly meaningless word.

BOY

I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret," and "fight."

PISTOL

Ask him to prepare himself, because I'm going to cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER

[to the BOY] What is he saying, sir?

BOY

He commands me to tell you to prepare, because this soldier here feels like cutting your throat at once.

PISTOL

Ohyes, cuttythe throat, bygod, peasant, unless you give me coins, beautiful coins, or you will be mangled by this sword.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Oh, I beg you, for the love of God, forgive me. I'm a gentleman from a good family. Save my life, and I'll give you two hundred silver coins.

PISTOL

What is he saying?

BOY

He begs you to save his life. He is a gentleman from a good family, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred coins.

PISTOL

Tell him I will stop being angry, and will take the coins.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Little sir, what does he say?

BOY

Although it's against his oath to pardon any prisoner, nonetheless, for the silver coins you promised him, he is willing to give you liberty, freedom.

FRENCH SOLDIER

50 *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciements, et je m'estime heureux que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

PISTOL

Expound unto me, boy.

BOY

55 He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice- worthy seigneur of England.

PISTOL

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me.

BOY

Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

Exeunt PISTOL and FRENCH SOLDIER

60 I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart. But the saying is true: "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' th' old play, that everyone may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged, and so would this be if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

Exit

FRENCH SOLDIER

On my knees I give you a thousand thanks, and I consider myself lucky to have fallen into the hands of a knight--I think, the most brave, bold, and famous lord of England.

PISTOL

Explain that to me, boy.

BOY

He gives you on his knees a thousand thanks, and he considers himself lucky that he fell into the hands of someone who is, he thinks, the most brave, bold, and famous lord of England.

PISTOL

By the blood I suck, I will show some mercy.

BOY

Follow the great captain.

PISTOL and the FRENCH SOLDIER exit.

I never knew anyone speak so loudly when their heart was so empty. But the saying is true: "The empty container makes the loudest sound." Bardolph and Nym are ten times braver than this roaring man, who's like an actor pretending to be a devil in an old play. Anyone could beat him with a wooden dagger and then cut his nails. But they have both been hanged, and so would this man be if he ever dared to be brave enough to steal anything. I must stay with the servants, with our camp's luggage. The French could kill us all if they only knew, because there's no-one guarding it except boys.

He exits.

Act 4, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLÉANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES

CONSTABLE

Ô diable!

ORLÉANS

Ô seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

DAUPHIN

Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

5 Sits mocking in our plumes.

A short alarum

Ô méchante Fortune!

Do not run away.

CONSTABLE

Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

O perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves.

10 Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

ORLÉANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Shakescleare Translation

CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, the DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES enter.

CONSTABLE

By the devil!

ORLÉANS

By God! We've lost, we've lost everything!

DAUPHIN

By death, everything is destroyed, everything! Blame and eternal shame sit in the feathers on our helmets, mocking us.

A short sound of trumpets.

Oh cruel Fortune! Do not run away.

CONSTABLE

But our ranks have all been broken.

DAUPHIN

Oh eternal shame! Let's stab ourselves. Are these the miserable men we gambled for?

ORLÉANS

Is this the king we asked to pay us ransom?

BOURBON

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
 Let us die. In once more! Back again!
 And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
 15 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
 Like a base pander hold the chamber door,
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminate.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now.
 20 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLÉANS

We are enough yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.
 25 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Exeunt

BOURBON

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame! Let's die.
 Into battle once more! Go back! Let whoever refuses to
 follow Bourbon now go from here, and go with his hat in his
 hand like a low pimp holding the door to the room while his
 most beautiful daughter is contaminated by a slave, no
 nobler than my dog.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, you destroyed us before--now be friends with us.
 Let's go die on heaps of bodies.

ORLÉANS

There are enough of us still alive in the battlefield to
 smother the English with our army, if we could only think of
 a way to put some order into our troops.

BOURBON

Damn order now! I'll go where the fight is. Let life be short,
 or shame will be too long.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 6

Shakespeare

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and others

KING HENRY

Well have we done, thrice-vaillant countrymen,
 But all's not done. Yet keep the French the field.

EXETER

The duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

KING HENRY

Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
 5 I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting.
 From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
 Larding the plain, and by his bloody side,
 Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,
 10 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him where in gore he lay insteeped
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face.
 15 And cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk.
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry."
 20 Upon these words I came and cheered him up.
 He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And with a feeble grip, says "Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 25 He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips,
 And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me which I would have stopped,
 30 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes

Shakescleare Translation

Trumpets sound. KING HENRY and his army, EXETER, and others enter.

KING HENRY

We've done well, brave countrymen. But this isn't done.
 The French still have control of the field.

EXETER

The Duke of York greets you, your Majesty.

KING HENRY

Is he alive, good uncle? Three times this hour I saw him fall
 down, and three times I saw him get up again and keep
 fighting. He was entirely covered in blood, from his helmet
 to his heels.

EXETER

Looking like that, the brave soldier lies, covering the field
 with blood, and by his his bloody side, with equal
 honorable wounds, the noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk died first, and York, mangled all over, came to where
 he lay swimming in gore and took him by the beard, kissed
 the cuts that gaped all over his face, and cried aloud, "Wait,
 my cousin Suffolk. My soul will keep yours company on the
 way to heaven. Wait, dear soul, for mine; then fly together,
 just as in this glorious and well-fought-for field we rode
 together." At these words I came and tried to cheer him up.
 He smiled at me, grabbed me by the hand, and gripping me
 weakly, said, "My dear lord, tell my king what I have done."
 So he turned, and threw his wounded arm over Suffolk's
 neck and kissed his lips. So, married to death, he sealed
 with blood a **will** of nobly dying love. The beautiful way
 he did this forced me to cry even though I wished I could
 stop, but I didn't have enough man in me, and my mother
 came into my eyes and made me cry.

W A combination of vows: marriage or "espousal", sealing an oath with blood, and making a will or "testament". By kissing Suffolk, Gloucester is described as marrying death, sealing the marriage vow with (his and Suffolk's) blood as well as the kiss, and since he is dying (marrying death) he leaves a will.

And gave me up to tears.

KING HENRY

I blame you not,
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
35 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum

But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
Give the word through.

Exeunt

KING HENRY

I don't blame you because, hearing this, I have to bargain
with my wet eyes, or they'll let out tears.

Trumpets sound.

Listen, does this new signal mean? The French have
reinforced their scattered troops. Every soldier should kill
his prisoners. Tell the army that.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 7

Shakespeare

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

FLUELLEN

Kill the boys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against
the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark
you now, as can be offert, in your conscience now, is
it not?

GOWER

5 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and the
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this
slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away
all that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king,
most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his
10 prisoner's throat. Oh, 'tis a gallant king!

FLUELLEN

Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call
you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

GOWER

Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN

15 Why, I pray you, is not "pig" great? The pig, or the
great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous
are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little
variations.

GOWER

I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His
father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLUELLEN

20 I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I
tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld,
I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between
Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is
both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is
25 also, moreover, a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at
Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name
of the other river. But 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my
fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.
If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's
30 life is come after it indifferent well, for there is
figures in all things. Alexander, God knows and you
know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths and his
cholers and his moods and his displeasures and his
indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his
35

Shakesclore Translation

FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.

FLUELLEN

Kill the boys and the luggage! That's explicitly against the
laws of war. It's as horrible a crime as can be done, don't
you think?

GOWER

It's certain that there's not a single boy left alive, and the
cowardly good-for-nothings who ran from the battle did
this. They have also burned or carried away everything that
was in the king's tent, which is the reason the king, quite
rightly, made every soldier cut his prisoner's throat. Oh,
he's a great king!

FLUELLEN

Yes, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What was
the town called where Alexander the Big was born?

GOWER

Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN

What, I ask you, isn't "big" great? The big, or the great, or
the powerful, or the huge, or the generous are all the same,
except that there are a few variations in the phrasing.

GOWER

I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father
was called Philip of Macedon, I believe.

FLUELLEN

I think it was Macedon where Alexander was born. I tell you,
Captain, if you look at maps of the world, I bet you will find,
comparing Macedon and Monmouth, that they're in very
similar locations. There is a river in Macedon and there is
also, moreover, a river in Monmouth. It is called Wye at
Monmouth, but I've forgotten what the name of the other
river is. But it doesn't matter; they're as alike as my fingers
are to each other, and there is salmons in both. If you
consider Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life has
followed pretty much the same course, because everything
stands for something else. Alexander, God knows and you
know, in his rages and his furies and his temper and his
tantrums and his moods and his displeasures and his
indignations, and also being a little intoxicated, did, in his
ale and his anger, see, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Once again, Fluellen's odd way of speaking English is cause of humour.

prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

GOWER

Our king is not like him in that. He never killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN

40 It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with
45 the great-belly doublet; he was full of jests, and gipes and knaveries, and mocks—I have forgot his name.

GOWER

Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN

That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth.

GOWER

50 Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others

KING HENRY

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald.
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
55 Or void the field. They do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
60 And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY

EXETER

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING HENRY

How now, what means this, herald? Know'st thou not
65 That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great king.
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
70 To book our dead and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men,
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood.
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
75 In blood of princes, and the wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. Oh, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
80 Of their dead bodies.

GOWER

Our king is not like him in that way. He never killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN

Look, it's not good to take the story away from me before it's over and done with. I'm speaking about the metaphors and comparisons in it. Just as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being drunk and in his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right mind and showing good judgement, turned away the fat knight who wore the huge belly. He was full of jokes, and insults, and crimes, and mocking—I have forgotten his name.

GOWER

Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN

That's him. I tell you, there are good men born in Monmouth.

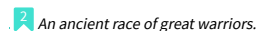
GOWER

Here comes his Majesty.

Trumpets sound. KING HENRY, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others enter.

KING HENRY

I have not been angry since I came to France, until now. Take a trumpet, messenger. Ride to the horsemen on that hill. If they want to fight us, ask them to ride down, or they should leave the field. They offend our eyes. If they won't do either of those things, we will come to them and make them fly away as quickly as stones fired from ancient Assyrian slingshots. Besides, we'll cut the throats of the prisoners we've captured, and won't be merciful toward a single one of the ones we capture from now on. Go tell them that.



MONTJOY enters.

EXETER

Here comes the French messenger, my king.

GLOUCESTER

He looks more humble than he used to.

KING HENRY

What, what does this mean, herald? Don't you know I have offered these bones of mine as ransom? Do you come for ransom again?

MONTJOY

No, great King. I come to you to ask for your permission for us to wander over this bloody field to record our dead and then to bury them. To sort our nobles from our commoners, because many of our princes, sadly, lie drowned and soaked in the blood of mercenaries. And our commoners' peasant limbs are drenched with the blood of princes, and the wounded horses are fretting, their legs buried in mud up to the fetlocks, and with wild rage kick their hooves covered in metal at their dead owners, killing them again. Oh, let us, great king, look over the field safely and take care of their dead bodies.

KING HENRY

I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY

85 The day is yours.

KING HENRY

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle called that stands hard by?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY

90 Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN

Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your
Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of
Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most
prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY

95 They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

100 Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is
remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a
garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their
Monmouth caps, which, your Majesty know, to this hour is
an honorable badge of the service. And I do believe
your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint
Tavy's day.

KING HENRY

I wear it for a memorable honor,
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN

105 All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh
plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless
it and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace and
his Majesty too.

KING HENRY

Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN

110 By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not
who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need
not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so
long as your Majesty is an honest man.

KING HENRY

115 God keep me so.—Our heralds go with him.
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. *(points to WILLIAMS)*
Call yonder fellow hither.

Exeunt heralds with MONTJOY

EXETER

Soldier, you must come to the king.

KING HENRY

Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

KING HENRY

I'll tell you the truth, messenger, I don't know whether we
won or not, because many of your horsemen are searching
and galloping over the field.

MONTJOY

You won.

KING HENRY

May God, not our strength, be praised for that! What is this
castle that stands near here called?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY

Then we call this the battle of Agincourt, fought on Crispin
Crispianus's day.


FLUELLEN


You majesty, your famous grandfather and your great-uncle
Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in history
books, fought a very brave battle here in France.

KING HENRY

They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Your Majesty speaks the truth. If you remember, your
Majesty, the Welsh fought well in a garden where leeks
grew, wearing leeks in their hats at Monmouth. You know,
your Majesty, that to this day wearing a leek is an honorable
reminder of that fight. And I believe your Majesty is not
ashamed to wear the leek on Saint Davy's day .

 *St David is the patron saint of Wales.*

KING HENRY

I wear it to remember an honorable occasion, because, as
you know, I am Welsh like you.

FLUELLEN

All the water in the river Wye can't wash your Majesty's
Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God bless
it and keep it safe as long as his Grace and Majesty wishes.

KING HENRY

Thanks, good countryman.

FLUELLEN

By Jesus, I *am* your Majesty's countryman, I don't care who
knows. I will confess it to the whole world. I don't need to
be ashamed of you, your Majesty, praise God, as long as you
are an honest man.

KING HENRY

May God me one.

[To Messengers] Messengers, go with him. Bring me a true
record of the numbers both sides lost. *[points
to WILLIAMS]* Call that man over here.

Messengers exit with MONTJOY.

EXETER

Soldier, you must come see the king.

KING HENRY

Soldier, why do you wear that glove in your hat?

WILLIAMS

120 An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

KING HENRY

An Englishman?

WILLIAMS

125 An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night, who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear, or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

KING HENRY

130 What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN

He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

KING HENRY

It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLUELLEN

135 Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack Sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

KING HENRY

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

WILLIAMS

So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING HENRY

Who serv'st thou under?

WILLIAMS

145 Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN

Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

KING HENRY

Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS

I will, my liege.

Exit

KING HENRY

150 Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap. *[gives WILLIAMS' s glove to FLUELLEN]* When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN

Your Grace does me as great honors as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man

WILLIAMS

Your Majesty, it was give to me by a man I'm supposed to fight, if he's alive.

KING HENRY

An Englishman?

WILLIAMS

Your majesty, a good-for-nothing who was rude to me last night. If he's alive and ever dares ask for the glove back, I promised to box him on the ear. Or if I see my glove in his hat which he swore that, if he was a soldier, he would wear if he survived, I will hit it hard.

KING HENRY

What do you think, Captain Fluellen, is it right for this soldier to keep his oath?

FLUELLEN

I think he would be a coward and a criminal if he didn't, your Majesty.

KING HENRY

It might be that his enemy is an important gentleman, far above him in rank.

FLUELLEN

Even if he's as good a gentleman as the devil, as good as Lucifer and Beelzebub themselves, it is necessary, you see, that he keep his oath and his promise. If he breaks the oath, see, his reputation will be that he's as terrible a good-for-nothing and insolent fellow as any that every walked with a black shoe on God's earth, that's what I think.

KING HENRY

Then keep your oath, fellow, when you meet the man.

WILLIAMS

I will, my king, I swear.

KING HENRY

Who do you serve under?

WILLIAMS

Under Captain Gower, my king.

FLUELLEN

Gower is a good captain, and is knowledgeable of and well-read in the wars.

KING HENRY

Call him here to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS

I will, my king.

They exit.

KING HENRY

Here, Fluellen, wear this object for me and stick it in your hat. *[gives WILLIAMS' s glove to FLUELLEN]* When Alençon and I had both fallen from our horses fighting each other, I grabbed this glove from his helmet. If any man tries to fight you over this, he is a friend of Alençon's and an enemy of mine. If you meet anyone like that, take him captive if you love me.

FLUELLEN

Your Grace does me as great an honor as any subject could wish for. I would like to see the man who only has two legs

160 that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved
at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it
once, an please God of his Grace that I might see.

KING HENRY

Know'st thou Gower?

FLUELLEN

He is my dear friend, an please you.

KING HENRY

Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN

I will fetch him.

Exit

KING HENRY

165 My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favor
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.

It is the soldier's. I by bargain should

170 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it,

For I do know Fluellen valiant

175 And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury.

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

—Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

Exeunt

who wants to fight about this glove, that's all I have to say; I
would like to see him, if it pleases God to let me see him.

KING HENRY

Do you know Gower?

FLUELLEN

He is my good friend.

KING HENRY

Go find him and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN

I will fetch him.

He exits.

KING HENRY

Lord Warwick and brother Gloucester, follow Fluellen
closely. The glove I gave him to wear might get him a box on
the ear. It belongs to the soldier. I'm supposed to be
wearing it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick. If the
soldier hits him, and I think by the bold way he carries
himself that he will keep his word, some thing bad might
happen. I know Fluellen is brave and, when he gets angry,
explodes like gunpowder, and will be quick to hit back.
Follow him, and make sure no harm comes to them.

[To EXETER] Come with me, uncle Exeter.

They exit.

Act 4, Scene 8

Shakespeare

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS

WILLIAMS

I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

Enter FLUELLEN

FLUELLEN

God's will and His pleasure, Captain, I beseech you
now, come apace to the king. There is more good toward
you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILLIAMS

5 Sir, know you this glove?

FLUELLEN

Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS

I know this, and thus I challenge it. *[Strikes him]*

FLUELLEN

'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any 's in the universal
world, or in France, or in England!

GOWER

10 How now, sir? You villain!

Shakescleare Translation

GOWER and WILLIAMS enter.

WILLIAMS

I bet it's to knight you, Captain.

FLUELLEN enters.

FLUELLEN

By God, Captain, I beg you, come quickly to the king. There
are more good things coming to you than perhaps you can
dream of.

WILLIAMS

Sir, do you recognize this glove?

FLUELLEN

Recognize the glove! I recognize the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS

I know that, and I'll fight for it. *[Strikes him]*

FLUELLEN

By God, he's as terrible a traitor as any in the whole world,
or in France, or in England!

GOWER

What, sir? You criminal!

WILLIAMS

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN

Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS

I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN

15 That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER

WARWICK

How now, how now, what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

20 My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER

Here is his Majesty.

KING HENRY

How now, what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

25 My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

WILLIAMS

30 My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it. And he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN

35 Your Majesty, hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is hear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

KING HENRY

Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

40 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLUELLEN

An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

KING HENRY

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILLIAMS

45 All offenses, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

KING HENRY

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILLIAMS

Do you think I'll break my oath?

FLUELLEN

Get back, Captain Gower. I will punish treason by hitting it, I swear.

WILLIAMS

I am not a traitor.

FLUELLEN

That's a lie.

[To GOWER] I order you in his Majesty name, arrest him. He's a friend of the Duke of Alençon.

WARWICK and GLOUCESTER enter.

WARWICK

What, what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

My Lord of Warwick, here is, praise God for it, disgusting treason made clear, see, as clear as a summer's day.

KING HENRY and EXETER enter.

Here is his Majesty.

KING HENRY

What, what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

My king, here's a criminal and a traitor, see, who hit the glove that your Majesty took off of Alençon's helmet.

WILLIAMS

My king, this was my glove. Here is the other in the pair. And the man I gave it to in exchange for his promised to wear it in his hat. I promised to hit him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his hat, and I have done what I promised.

FLUELLEN

Your Majesty, hear now what a wrongdoing, criminal, beggar-like, lousy good-for-nothing he is. I hope your Majesty will be my witness, and will confirm that this is Alençon's glove you gave me, truly.

KING HENRY

Give me your glove, soldier. Look, here's the other in the pair. It was me you promised to hit, and you insulted me terribly.

FLUELLEN

Your Majesty, hang him for it, if there is any martial law in this world.

KING HENRY

How can you make this up to me?

WILLIAMS

All bad deeds, my lord, come from the heart. My heart never intended to hurt your Majesty.

KING HENRY

It was me you insulted.

WILLIAMS

50 Your Majesty came not like yourself. You appeared to me but as a common man. Witness the night, your garments, your lowliness. And what your Highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine, for, had you been as I took you for, I made no offense. Therefore, I beseech your Highness pardon me.

KING HENRY

55 Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns
And give it to this fellow.— Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honor in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. —Give him the crowns.
—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLUELLEN

60 By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. —Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God and keep you out of prawls and prabbles and quarrels and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

WILLIAMS

I will none of your money.

FLUELLEN

65 It is with a good will. I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English HERALD

KING HENRY

Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

HERALD

70 Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

KING HENRY

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXETER

75 Charles, duke of Orléans, nephew to the king;
John, duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt.
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING HENRY

80 This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain. Of princes in this number
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six. Added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights.
So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries.
85 The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
90 The Master of the Crossbows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin;
John, duke of Alençon; Anthony, duke of Brabant,
The brother of the duke of Burgundy,

WILLIAMS

You didn't come to as yourself, your Majesty. You appeared to me to be a common man. Because of the night, your clothes, your common appearance. And what you experienced in that disguise, I beg you to see it as your own fault and not mine, because, had you been what you seemed to be, I would not have committed a crime. So I beg you to pardon me.

KING HENRY

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with coins and give it to this fellow.

[To WILLIAMS] Keep it, fellow, and wear it as an honor in your hat until I want to fight you for it.

[To EXETER] Give him the coins.

[To FLUELLEN] And, captain, you must make friends with him.

FLUELLEN

By day and by this light, the fellow is brave enough.

[To WILLIAMS] Wait, here is twelve pence for you, and I ask you to serve God and keep out of brawls and fight and quarrels and disagreements, and I promise that will be better for you.

WILLIAMS

I don't want your money.

FLUELLEN

I offer it with good will. I can tell you it would be good for you to use it to get your shoes fixed. Come on, why do you look so embarrassed? Your shoes are not so good. This is a good shilling, I promise you, or I'll exchange it for another.

An English HERALD enters.

KING HENRY

Now, messenger, have the dead been counted?

HERALD

Here is the list of dead Frenchman.

KING HENRY

What noble prisoners have been captured, uncle?

EXETER

Charles, duke of Orléans, nephew of the king, John, duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt. A good fifteen hundred lords, barons, knights and squires. Also commoners.

KING HENRY

This note tells me about ten thousand Frenchmen lying dead in the field. Among these, one hundred twenty-six princes and nobles carrying banners lie dead. Added to these, eight thousand four hundred knights, esquires, and gentlemen, of which five hundred were dubbed knights only yesterday. So among the ten thousand they lost were only sixteen hundred mercenaries. The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, and gentlemen of good family. The names of their nobles who lie died are: Charles Delabreth, high constable of France, Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France, the Master of the Crossbows, Lord Rambures, Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin, John, duke of Alençon, Anthony, duke of Brabant, the brother of the duke of Burgundy, and Edward, duke of Bar. Of brave earls: Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale. This is a noble fellowship of dead people. Where is the list of our dead Englishmen?

And Edward, duke of Bar. Of lusty earls:
 95 Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix,
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death.
 Where is the number of our English dead?

HERALD shows him another paper

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
 100 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
 None else of name, and of all other men
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,
 And not to us but to thy arm alone
 105 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,
 Was ever known so great and little loss
 On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
 For it is none but thine.

EXETER

'Tis wonderful.

KING HENRY

110 Come, go we in procession to the village,
 And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this or take that praise from God
 Which is His only.

FLUELLEN

115 Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how
 many is killed?

KING HENRY

Yes, Captain, but with this acknowledgement:
 That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN

Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

KING HENRY

Do we all holy rites.
 120 Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
 And then to Calais, and to England then,
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

Exeunt

The MESSENGER shows him another paper.

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, sir Richard
 Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire. No one else with a title, and just
 twenty-five other men. Oh God, this was your work, and I
 don't give the credit to us but only to you! When, without
 trickery, was there ever known such a great loss on one side
 and such a small one on the other? God, we dedicate this
 victory to you, because this was your doing.

EXETER

It's amazing.

KING HENRY

Come one, let's go in a parade to the village. And have it
 announced to the army that boasting about this or trying to
 take the praise that belongs to God for this will be punished
 by death.

FLUELLEN

Is it not allowed, your Majesty, to report how many were
 killed?



KING HENRY


Yes, Captain, but with the acknowledgement that God
 fought for us.


FLUELLEN

Yes, I know He did us a lot of good.

KING HENRY

Let's perform all the holy ceremonies. Have the *Non nobis*  and *Te deum*  sung and the dead buried well, and
 then we'll go to Calais, and to England after that. Happier
 men never arrived there from France.

 A short Latin hymn sung for giving
 thanks: its lyrics translate to, "Not
 unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to
 thy name give the glory." Henry is
 clearly attributing his victory to God.

 A Christian hymn of praise, which
 begins with the words, "We praise
 you, O God."

They exit.

Act 5, Prologue

Shakespeare

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story
 That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
 5 Which cannot in their huge and proper life
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king
 Toward Calais. Grant him there. There seen,
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
 10 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
 Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,
 Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king

Shakescleare Translation

The CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

Those who have not read the story, let me assist you. Those
 who have, please admit my excuses that time, and large
 numbers, and the proper way of doing things can't be
 presented here as they really are. Now we bring the king to
 Calais. Imagine he's there. From there, carry him away on
 your winged imaginations across the sea. See, the English
 beach is made pale by being covered with men, wives, and
 boys whose shouting and clapping drown out the noisy sea
 which had cleared the king's way like a bodyguard. So let
 him land and see him go on to London. Imagination moves
 so quickly that now you can imagine him at Blackheath,
 where his lords want him to have his battered helmet and

Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 15 So swift a pace hath thought that even now
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
 Where that his lords desire him to have borne
 His bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city. He forbids it,
 20 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
 Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens.
 25 The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in—
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
 30 Were now the general of our gracious empress,
 As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
 Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
 How many would the peaceful city quit
 To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
 35 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him
 (As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the king of England's stay at home;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France
 To order peace between them) and omit
 40 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back return again to France.
 There must we bring him, and myself have played
 The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
 Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance
 45 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

Exit

bent sword carried in front of him through the city. He forbids it, being free from vanity and self-indulgent pride, and gives away all of his trophies, symbols, and showy ceremonies to God. But now see, in the quick blacksmith's shops and factories of your imaginations, how London's citizens pour out. The Mayor and all the other officials in their best clothes, like the senators of ancient Rome, with the commoners swarming behind them, go out and bring their victorious king in. In the same way, except that he is lower in rank, if our kind Queen's general came from Ireland, having ended the rebellion there, as he may eventually, consider how many would leave the peaceful city to welcome him! Many more, and with a better reason, did this for Harry. Now imagine him in London, because the French people beg the English king to stay at home; the emperor is coming at France's request to make peace between them. And leave out all the events, whatever happened, until Harry returns to France. We must bring him there, and I myself played the part of the time between the acts, by reminding you that it passed. So allow us to abridge the story, and let your eyes and your imagination pass straight back to France.

The CHORUS exits.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

GOWER

Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today?
 Saint
 Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN

5 There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all
 things. I will tell you as my friend, Captain Gower. The
 rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, prugging knave,
 Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to
 be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,
 he is come to me and prings me pread and salt
 10 yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. I t was in
 place where I could not breed no contention with him,
 but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see
 him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece
 of my desires.

Enter PISTOL

GOWER

15 Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
 turkey-cocks.—
 God pless you, Aunchient Pistol, you scurvy, lousy
 knave,
 20 God pless you.

Shakescleare Translation

FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.

GOWER

No, that's right. But why do you wear your leek today? Saint
 Davy's day has passed.

FLUELLEN

There are times and reasons why for everything. I will tell
 you, since you're my friend, Captain Gower. The good-for-
 nothing, scabby, beggar-like, lousy, bragging criminal,
 Pistol, who you yourself and all the world know to be
 nothing more than a fellow, you see, with no good qualities,
 he came to me and brought me bread and salt yesterday,
 see, and asked me to eat my leek. It was in a place where I
 couldn't fight with him, but I will wear it in my hat until I see
 him again, and then I will give him a piece of my mind.

PISTOL enters.

GOWER

Here he comes, swelled up like a turkey.

FLUELLEN

I don't care about his swellings, or his turkeys.

[To PISTOL] God bless you, Ancient Pistol, you disgusting,
 lousy criminal, God bless you.

PISTOL

Ha, art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan, to have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence. I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN

25 I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL

30 Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLUELLEN

There is one goat for you. *(strikes him)* Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN

35 You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. *(strikes him)* You called me yesterday "mountain squire," but I will make you today a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER

40 Enough, Captain. You have astonished him.

FLUELLEN

I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.— Bite, I pray you. It is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL

Must I bite?

FLUELLEN

45 Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question, too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

FLUELLEN

50 Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL

Quiet thy cudgel. Thou dost see I eat.

FLUELLEN

55 Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away. The skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all.

PISTOL

What, are you crazy? Do you want, low Trojan 🏹, to make me meet my fate? Go away. The smell of leeks makes me sick.

FLUELLEN

I beg you, disgusting, lousy criminal, to fulfill my desire, my request, and my petition to you to eat, see, this leek. Because, see, you do not love it, and your feelings and your appetite and your digestion do not agree with it. I would like you to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for the Welsh hero Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLUELLEN

Here's one goat for you. *[hits him with a club]* Will you be so kind, scabby criminal, as to eat it?

PISTOL

Low Trojan, you will die.

FLUELLEN

You tell the truth, scabby knave, when God wishes it. I ask you to survive in the meantime and eat your food. Come on, here's a sauce for it. *[hits him]* You called me a "mountain servant" yesterday, but today I will make you a low servant. Please, tuck in. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER

Enough, Captain. You have astonished him.

FLUELLEN

I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will beat him on the head for four days.

[To PISTOL] Bite, I beg you. It will be good for your fresh wound and your bloody head.

PISTOL

Must I bite?

FLUELLEN

Yes, certainly, no doubt and no question, too, and no ambiguities.

PISTOL

By this leek, I will get a horrible revenge. I'm eating and eating, I promise--

FLUELLEN


Eat, please. Do you want more sauce on your leek? There isn't enough leek left to swear by.

PISTOL

Shut your mouth. You see I'm eating.

FLUELLEN

Much good may it do you, scabby criminal, really. No, please don't throw any of it away. The skin is good for your wounded head. When you happen to see leeks in the future, please, go ahead and mock them, that's all.

 *The Trojans were the enemies of the Greeks in the Trojan war, sometimes imagined as weak and self-indulgent. In this period it was sometimes used as a compliment, to mean someone who is good company. The Parcae are the Roman goddesses of Fate. They spin the thread of life for each person, cutting it at that person's death. Pistol seems to get spinning confused with weaving, which produces a "web", woven cloth, which he seems to imagine gets folded away at death.*

PISTOL

Good.

FLUELLEN

Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PISTOL

Me, a groat?

FLUELLEN

60 Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

PISTOL

I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN

If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger and buy nothing of me but cudgels.
65 God be wi' you and keep you and heal your pate.

Exit

PISTOL

All hell shall stir for this.

GOWER

Go, go. You are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition begun upon an honorable respect and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased
70 valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it
75 otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well.

Exit

PISTOL

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' th' spital Of a malady of France,
80 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honor is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal.
85 And patches will I get unto these cudgelled scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

Exit

PISTOL

Good.

FLUELLEN

Yes, leeks are good. Here, here's four pence to heal your head.

PISTOL

Me, four pence?

FLUELLEN

Yes, truly, and you'll take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you will eat.

PISTOL

I take your four pence as a sign of my revenge.

FLUELLEN

If I owe you anything, I will pay you with clubs. You will be a wood-seller and not buy anything from me except clubs. God be with you and keep you safe and heal your head.

He exits.

PISTOL


All hell will rise for this.


GOWER

Go, go. You're a lying cowardly criminal. You mocked an ancient tradition begun on an honorable occasion and worn as a memento of past bravery, and you don't dare to follow through with any of the threats you make. I have seen you mocking and annoying this gentleman two or three times. You thought because he couldn't speak English like a native speaker, he couldn't use an English club. You find out you were wrong, and from now on let a Welsh punishment teach you good English manners. Goodbye.

He exits.

PISTOL

Is Fortune being as mean as a wife to me now? I have heard that my Nell is dead in the hospital from a French sickness  , and my romance is cut short. I grow old, and honor is clubbed out of my tired limbs. Well, I'll become a pimp, and sometimes a quick-handed pick-pocket. I'll steal away to England, and there I'll steal. And I'll put patches on these club scars, and swear I got them in the wars in France.

 The "French disease" was a term for syphilis.

He exits.

Act 5, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter at one door KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the princess KATHERINE, ALICE and other ladies; the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his train

KING HENRY

Unto our brother France and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day. —Joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine.—

Shakescleare Translation

At one door KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other lords enter. At another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the princess KATHERINE, ALICE and other ladies, and the Duke of BURGUNDY and his attendants enter.

KING HENRY

To my brother the king of France and my sister his wife, I wish good-day and good health.

And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
 5 By whom this great assembly is contrived,
 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.—
 And princes French, and peers, health to you all.
 Peace to this meeting wherefore we are met.

KING OF FRANCE

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 10 Most worthy brother England. Fairly met.
 —So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN ISABEL

So happy be the issue, brother England,
 Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes—
 15 Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French that met them in their bent
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 20 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

KING HENRY

To cry "Amen" to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN ISABEL

You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURGUNDY

My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great kings of France and England. That I have labored
 25 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,
 To bring your most imperial Majesties
 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 Since, then, my office hath so far prevailed
 30 That face to face and royal eye to eye
 You have congregated. Let it not disgrace me
 If I demand before this royal view
 What rub or what impediment there is
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
 35 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 40 Corrupting in its own fertility.
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned, dies. Her hedges, even-pleached,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disordered twigs. Her fallow leas
 45 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
 Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
 That should deracinate such savagery.
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
 50 Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
 55 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
 Even so our houses and ourselves and children
 Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
 The sciences that should become our country,
 But grow like savages, as soldiers will
 60 That nothing do but meditate on blood,
 To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,

[To KATHERINE] Joy and good wishes to my most beautiful
 and royal cousin Katherine.

[To BURGUNDY] And, as a branch and member of this royal
 family, who has planned this great meeting, I greet you,
 Duke of Burgundy.


[To others] And French princes and noblemen, health to all
 of you. And may this meeting bring us peace, which is the
 reason we are meeting.


KING OF FRANCE

[To HENRY] I am very glad to see your face, my most worth
 brother. It's a pleasure.

[To others] And a pleasure to see you, English princes, every
 one.

QUEEN ISABEL

May the decisions made on this good day and at this polite
 meeting be as happy, brother England, as we are now to see
 you your face—your face which has up to now carried in it
 against the French who came across it the deadly eyes of
 murdering basilisks . The poison of such looks, we hope,
 does not work any more, and this day will change all
 sorrows and quarrels into love.

 Looking at a basilisk was
 supposed to kill you.

KING HENRY

I'm here to say "amen" to that.

QUEEN ISABEL

Welcome, all you English princes.

BURGUNDY

My obedience to you both, whom I love equally, great kings
 of France and England. Both sides can bear witness that I
 have worked with all my wit and strength and made every
 effort to bring your royal Majesties to this royal meeting. I
 have done part of my job in bringing you face to face and
 royal eye to eye. Allow me to ask in front of all you royals
 what impediment there is to naked, poor, and mangled
 peace, which allows the arts, plenty, and joyful births to
 flourish, showing her beautiful face in this most beautiful
 garden of the world, our fertile France? Sadly, she has been
 chased from France for too long, and all her crops lie in
 heaps, rotting. Her vine, which makes the heart happy, dies
 uncared-for. Her evenly cut hedges, like prisoners with
 wildly-growing hair, sprout disorderly twigs. Grass,
 hemlock, and other weeds grow on her fields, while
 ploughs rust which should get rid of these wild things. The
 flat meadow, on which formerly grew sweet plants like the
 freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, needing to be
 mowed, completely uncorrected and neglected, grows
 useless things, and produces nothing but hateful docks,
 rough thistles, hollow plants, burrs - losing both beauty and
 usefulness. And just as our vineyards, fields, meadows, and
 hedges, grow wild because of defects in their natures, so
 our houses and our children and we ourselves have lost, or
 do not learn because there is no time, the knowledge that
 we should to help our country, but instead grow like
 savages. Just as soldiers who do nothing but think about
 blood start to swear and look stern, dress messily, and do
 everything that seems unnatural. You are assembled to
 bring us back to the way we were, and I ask you to tell me
 what stands in the way of gentle peace getting rid of these
 inconveniences and blessing us the way she used to.

And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favor
You are assembled, and my speech entreats
65 That I may know the let why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

KING HENRY

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
70 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

BURGUNDY

The king hath heard them, to the which as yet
75 There is no answer made.

KING HENRY

Well then, the peace which you before so urged
Lies in his answer.

KING OF FRANCE

I have but with a cursitory eye
O'er glanced the articles. Pleaseth your Grace
80 To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more with better heed
To resurvey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

KING HENRY

Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,
85 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
90 Anything in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes or stay here with us?

QUEEN ISABEL

Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
95 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

KING HENRY

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the forerank of our articles.

QUEEN ISABEL

She hath good leave.

Exeunt all except KING HENRY, KATHERINE, and ALICE.

KING HENRY

100 Fair Katherine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE

105 Your Majesty shall mock at me. I cannot speak your
England.

KING HENRY

O fair Katherine, if you will love me soundly with your
French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

KING HENRY

If, Duke of Burgundy, you want the peace, lack of which
allows the imperfections you mentioned to grow, you must
buy that peace by agreeing fully to all my just demands,
which you have, written down, with details and
explanations, in your hands.

BURGUNDY

The king has heard them, and has not yet given an answer.

KING HENRY

Well then, the peace you argued for before depends on his
answer.

KING OF FRANCE

I have only glanced at the list very quickly. If your grace
could appoint some of your advisers to sit with me once
again to look at them more closely, I will soon give you my
acceptance and final answer.

KING HENRY

Brother, I will.

[To EXETER] Go, uncle Exeter, and brother Clarence, and
you, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon, go with
the king, and take my permission to confirm, add to, or
change, as you think best for my dignity, anything in or out
of the demands, and I'll agree to the changes.

[To KATHERINE] Will you, beautiful sister, go with the
princes or stay here with us?

QUEEN ISABEL

Kind brother, I will go with them. Perhaps a woman's voice
will do some good, when they are arguing about
unimportant details.

KING HENRY

But leave my cousin Katherine here with me. She is my
primary demand, asked for first in the list.

QUEEN ISABEL

She has permission.

All exit except >KING HENRY, KATHERINE, and ALICE.

KING HENRY

Beautiful, most beautiful Katherine, will you agree to teach
a soldier words that will enter a woman's ear and argue for
his love to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE

Your Majesty will laugh at me. I cannot speak your England.

KING HENRY

Oh beautiful Katherine, if you love me with your French
heart, I will be glad to hear you say it in your broken
English. Do you like me, Kate?

KATHERINE

Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell what is "like me."

KING HENRY

110 An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATHERINE

(to ALICE) Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?

ALICE

Oui, vraiment, sauf votre Grâce, ainsi dit-il.

KING HENRY

115 I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

KATHERINE

Ô bon Dieu! Les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

KING HENRY

What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE

120 Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

KING HENRY

The princess is the better Englishwoman. —I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you." Then if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you, in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

KING HENRY

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. For the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leapfrog or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation, only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true: but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; because he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always

KATHERINE

Forgive me, I don't know what is "like me."

KING HENRY

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATHERINE

[To ALICE] What does he say? That I am like the angels?

ALICE

Yes, truly, your Grace, that's what he's saying.

KING HENRY

I said so, dear Katherine; and I don't blush to stand by it.

KATHERINE

Oh Good God! Men's words are full of lies.

KING HENRY

What is she saying, beautiful one? That the words of men are full of lies?

ALICE

Yes, that the tongues of the mans is be full of lies; that is the princess.

KING HENRY

The princess is a better Englishwoman than I am an Englishman.


[To KATHERINE] Truly, Kate, my courtship of you is as bad your understanding of it. I am glad you can speak no better English because, if you could, you would find me such a plain king that you would think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I don't know how to mince words about love, but just to say simply, "I love you." Then if you urge me more by saying, "Do you, really?" I've run out of things to say. Give me your answer, please, do: and we'll shake hands and it's a bargain. What do you say, my lady?


KATHERINE

Your honor, I understand well.

KING HENRY

Well, if you want me to write poetry or dance for you, Kate, you'll destroy me. For the first, I don't have words or a sense of rhythm. And for the other, I don't have a strong sense of balance, although I have a pretty good balance of strength. If I could win a woman at leapfrog or by jumping into my saddle while wearing my armor, if I do say so myself, I would quickly leap my way into marriage. Or if I could fight for my love or make my horse jump for her to love me, I could fight like a butcher and cling to my horse like a monkey, never stopping. But, by God, Kate, I can't look weak or gasp out fancy words, and I don't have clever things to say, just plain oaths, which I never make until there's a reason, or break for any reason. If you can love a fellow like that, Kate, whose face is so ugly it's not even worth protecting from sunburn, who never looks in his mirror because he loves what he sees there, let your eyes be your cook. I'm speaking plain soldier to you: if you can love me for this, take me. If not, to say I'll die is true—but for your love, by God, no. But I love you. And while you're alive, dear Kate, marry a plain and honestly faithful man. He must treat you well, because he doesn't have the skill to flirt with anyone else. These fellows of infinite words, who can rhyme their way into ladies' affections—they always talk themselves back out again. What! A speaker is just a babbler; a rhyme is just a jingle. A nice leg will lose its

 Many of Katherine's lines in this scene contain French, indicated by italics in the translation text.

 This is based on the stereotype that French people speak well, lie, and flatter, while English people speak more bluntly.

reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHERINE

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY

No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate. But, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it. I will have it all mine. And, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATHERINE

I cannot tell wat is dat.

KING HENRY

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!— *donc vôtre est France et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle.

KING HENRY

No, faith, is 't not, Kate, but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATHERINE

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY

Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and, I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower de luce?

KATHERINE

I do not know dat.

shape; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; curly hair will fair out; a beautiful face will shrivel up; a beautiful eye will turn hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon. Or rather, the sun and not the moon; because it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course. If you will take someone like that, take me. If you take me, you take a soldier. If you take a soldier, you take a king. What do you say to my love? Speak, agreeable one, and agree, please.

KATHERINE

It is possible for me to love the enemy of France?

KING HENRY

No, it is not possible for you to love the enemy of France. But, in loving me, you would love the friend of France, because I love France so much I refuse to give up a single village in it. It will all be mine. And, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then France is yours and you are mine.

KATHERINE

I can't tell what that means.

KING HENRY

No, Kate? I'll tell you in French, which I'm sure will hang as heavily on my tongue like a new wife around her husband's neck, hard to shake off. *I when the possession of France, and when you have the possession of me*--let me see, what then? Saint Denis help me!-- *then yours is France and you are mine*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the country as to speak that much French. I will never convince you to do anything in French, except to laugh at me.

KATHERINE

You speak French better than I speak English.

KING HENRY


No, really, I don't, Kate, but you speak my language and I yours as well or rather badly as each other. But, Kate, do you understand this much English? Can you love me?

KATHERINE

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY

Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come on, I know you love me; and at night, when you go to your room, you'll ask this gentlewoman about me, and I know that you'll complain about the things you secretly love about me. But, good Kate, be merciful in mocking me, because I'm terribly in love with you. If you're ever mine, Kate, which I have faith that you will, I will win you by fighting, and you must for that reason give birth to soldiers. Won't the two of us, between Saint Denis and Saint George, give birth to a boy, half French, half English, who will go to Constantinople and fight the Turks? Won't we? What do you say, my beautiful French princess?

 *The flower-de-luce or fleur-de-lis is the symbol of the French monarchy.*

KATHERINE

I do not know that.

KING HENRY

No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katherine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?*

KATHERINE

Your Majestée ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage *demoiselle* dat is en France.

KING HENRY

Now fie upon my false French. By mine honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate. By which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and say "Harry of England, I am thine," which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Harry Plantagenet is thine," who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music and thy English broken. Therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE

Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

KING HENRY

Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATHERINE

Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATHERINE

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une—Notre Seigneur!—indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

KING HENRY

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE

Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

KING HENRY


Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE

Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I cannot tell wat is *baiser* en English.

KING HENRY

No, we'll know later, but we can promise it now. Just promise now, Kate, you'll do your best on your French side to make a boy like that; and as for my English half take the word of a king and a bachelor. What do you say, *the most beautiful Katherine in the world, my most dear and divine god*?

 He gets the gender of the adjectives wrong, using the masculine instead of the feminine form.

KATHERINE

Your Majesty has enough bad French to deceive the wisest *lady* in France.

KING HENRY

Darn my bad French. By my honor, in honest English, I love you, Kate. I don't dare swear you love me by that honor, but I begin to flatter myself you do, despite the bad effect my face has. Now, damn my father's ambition! He was thinking about civil war when he conceived me, so I was created with an ugly appearance, with a face of iron, so when I flirt with ladies, I frighten them. But, really, Kate, the older I get, the better I will look. My comfort is that old age, which treats beauty so badly, can't do any more damage to my face. You take me, if you take me, at my worst, and if you put me on you'll wear me better and better. So tell me, most beautiful Katherine, will you have me? Stop blushing, admit your desires with the pride of an empress, take me by the hand and say, "Harry of England, I am yours," and I will no sooner hear that but I will tell you, "England is yours, Ireland is yours, France is yours, and Harry Plantagenet is yours." And he, although I say it in front of him, although he can't keep company with the best kings, you will find he's the best company. Come, tell me your answer in broken music, because your voice is music and your English broken. So, queen of everything, Katherine, break it to me in broken English. Will you have me?

KATHERINE

That depends on what pleases the *king my father*.

KING HENRY

No, it will please him a lot, Kate; it will please him, Kate.

KATHERINE

Then it will also please me.

KING HENRY

Then I kiss your hand and call you my queen.

KATHERINE

Stop, my lord, stop, stop! Goodness, I don't want you to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of a--my God!--unworthy servant. Don't, I beg you, my most powerful lord.

KING HENRY

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE

It's not the custom in France for ladies and young women to be kissed before their marriage.

KING HENRY

My interpreter, what does she say?

ALICE

That it is not the fashion for the ladies of France - I can't tell what is *to kiss* in English.

KING HENRY

To kiss.

ALICE

Your *Majesté* *entendre* better *que moi*.

KING HENRY

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE

260 *Oui, vraiment.*

KING HENRY

O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore, patiently and yielding. (*kissing her*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, and other LORDS

BURGUNDY

God save your Majesty. My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

KING HENRY

275 I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

BURGUNDY

Is she not apt?

KING HENRY

280 Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth, so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

BURGUNDY

285 Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

KING HENRY

290 Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

BURGUNDY

They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

KING HENRY

295 Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BURGUNDY

I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning, for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide:

KING HENRY

To kiss.

ALICE

Your Majesty *understands* better *than I do*.

KING HENRY

It's not a custom for the ladies in France to kiss before they are married, she wants to say?

ALICE

Yes, *exactly*.

KING HENRY

Oh Kate, pointless customs don't apply to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I aren't confined by the weak customs of a country. We make customs and are free, Kate, because our power seals the lips of anyone who wants to criticize, just as I'll seal yours for sticking to the pointless custom of your country in denying me a kiss. So, patiently and agreeably. (*kisses her*). There's witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There are more beautiful speeches in a sweet touch of them than in the mouths of the French council, and they would persuade Harry of England more quickly than a petition signed by all the other kings. Here comes your father.

The FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, and other LORDS enter.

BURGUNDY

God save your majesty. My royal cousin, are you teaching our princess English?

KING HENRY

My cousin, I want her to learn how much I love her, and that is good English.

BURGUNDY

Is she not a quick learner?

KING HENRY

I don't speak very well, cousin, and am not polite, so, because I don't know how and don't want to flatter her, I can't conjure up the spirit of love in her to make him appear in his true form.

BURGUNDY

Forgive me for laughing at you openly. If you want to conjure in her, you must make a circle. If you want to conjure up Love in his true form, he would have to appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, since she's still a modest virgin, if she doesn't allow a naked blind boy to appear in her naked seeing self? It would be a bad situation for a virgin to agree to.

KING HENRY

But they do shut their eyes and give in, since love is blind and powerful.

BURGUNDY

It's not their fault, then, my lord, when they don't see what they do.

KING HENRY

Then, my good lord, teach your cousin to agree to shut her eyes.

BURGUNDY

I will wink at her to tell her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to understand my meaning. Because virgins, kept warm and safe, are like flies in midsummer: blind, although

300 blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

KING HENRY

This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer. And so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

BURGUNDY

305 As love is, my lord, before it loves.

KING HENRY

It is so. And you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

FRENCH KING

310 Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

KING HENRY

Shall Kate be my wife?

FRENCH KING

So please you.

KING HENRY

315 I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

FRENCH KING

We have consented to all terms of reason.

KING HENRY

Is 't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORELAND

320 The king hath granted every article, His daughter first, and, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

EXETER

325 Only he hath not yet subscribèd this: Where your Majesty demands that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French: *Notre très cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin: *Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, et haeres Franciae*.

FRENCH KING

330 Nor this I have not, brother, so denied But your request shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY

I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest, And thereupon give me your daughter.

FRENCH KING

335 Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord
340 In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

they have eyes. And they can bear to be handled, when previously they couldn't bear to be looked at.

KING HENRY

The moral of this is I should wait for the right time and a hot summer. And that way I will catch the fly, your cousin, by the tail, and she will be blind too.

BURGUNDY

As blind as love is, my lord, before it loves.

KING HENRY

It's true. And some of you can thank me for my blindness, because I can't see many French cities because of one beautiful French virgin who stands in my way.

FRENCH KING

Yes, my lord, you see them in perspective, the cities turned into a virgin, because they are surrounded by virgin walls that war has never entered.

KING HENRY

Will Kate be my wife?

FRENCH KING

If it pleases you.

KING HENRY

I am content, as long as the virgin cities you talk about come too. So the virgin who stood in the way of my wish will show me the way to my desire.

FRENCH KING

I have consented to all reasonable demands.

KING HENRY

Is that so, my lords of England?

WESTMORELAND

The king has agree to every item: his daughter first and then everything, just as we asked.

EXETER

But he hasn't yet signed this: where your Majesty demands that the king of France, if he has any reason to write out a declaration, will name your Highness too in this way, in French: *Our very dear son Henry, king of England, heir of France*, and this in Latin: *Our most famous son Henry, king of England, and heir of France*.

FRENCH KING

I have not denied this, brother. If you ask me to agree to this, I will.

KING HENRY

I ask you, then, with love and as allies, that you agree to that article along with the rest, and give me your daughter.

FRENCH KING

Take her, son, and have her give birth to heirs for me, so that the fighting kingdoms of France and England, whose shores look pale with envy of each other's happiness, will cease hating each other. May this match make them neighborly and make them agree like Christians, so that bloody war never arises again between England and beautiful France.

LORDS

Amen.

KING HENRY

Now welcome, Kate, and bear me witness all
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

Flourish

QUEEN ISABEL

345 God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one.
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
That never may ill office or fell jealousy,
350 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms
To make divorce of their incorporate league,
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this "amen"!

ALL

355 Amen.

KING HENRY

Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,
360 And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be.

Sennet

Exeunt

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS

Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
365 Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achieved
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king
370 Of France and England, did this king succeed,
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France and made his England bleed,
Which oft our stage hath shown. And for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

Exit

LORDS

Amen.

KING HENRY

Now welcome, Kate. You are all witnesses that here I kiss
her as my queen.

Trumpets sound.

QUEEN ISABEL

May God, the best matchmaker, combine your hearts in
one, your countries in one. Just as man and wife, although
they are two people, become one, so may there be between
your kingdoms such a marriage that ill will and terrible
jealousy, which often trouble blessed marriage, never
thrust themselves between these two joined kingdoms to
divorce them. May Englishmen and Frenchmen treat each
other as though they come from the same country. May God
speak this "amen"!

ALL

Amen.

KING HENRY

Let's prepare for our marriage, and on that day, my Lord of
Burgundy, we'll have you and all the noblemen swear an
oath to honor our alliance. Then I will swear to Kate, and
you to me, and may our oaths be kept well and be
fortunate.

Trumpets sound.

They exit.

The CHORUS enters.

CHORUS

Our obedient author followed the story this far with his
rough and incompetent writing, confining great men into a
small room, mangling and breaking up the full extent of
their glory. This English star lived a short but very great life.
Fortune made his sword, which he used to win the world's
best garden and left his son ruler of it. Henry the Sixth,
crowned king of France and England when he was an infant,
succeeded this king. So many people were in charge of
ruling his country that they lost France and made his
England bleed, as our stage has often shown you. For their
sake, kindly accept this play.

The CHORUS exits.

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